



No. LXXII.]

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and New York: 15 East 16th Street



LIFE, FORTUNE, AND HAPPINESS.



'Ring out false pride in place and blood
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

'Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
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Ring in the thousand years of peace.'

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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INVALIDS,
AND
THE AGED.

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A Dangerous Catspaw.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY MURRAY.

III

WYNCOTT ESDEN had still another visitor that day—a long-haired, long-handed, nervous man, with a face that looked all nose. He had an impediment in his speech, and was inclined to be confidentially tearful. He answered to the name of J. P., and seemed contented with that mutilated form of address.

‘You won’t think I’m bothering you, will you?’ said J. P. ‘But if you forget that bill, you’ll break me. I can’t meet it, any more than I can fly.’

‘My dear fellow,’ responded Esden, ‘there’s no earthly need for you to worry. You may regard the thing as being settled. You will never hear another word about it.’

The visitor, protesting that a great weight was taken from his mind, withdrew, and left Esden to himself.

‘I must really do something about that matter,’ he confessed, ‘and I must do it at once, though where the deuce the money is to come from is more than I can guess. I can’t ruin J. P. That’s out of the question. I’ll see Sheldon. I’ll go and see him now.’

He walked briskly into the Strand, and, hailing a hansom, drove to the offices of a money-lending solicitor of his acquaintance in Cork Street. Mr. Sheldon, despite his Christian-sounding name, was eminently Jewish in aspect and accent.

‘Want money?’ he said, when Esden had unfolded his story.

So do I. So does everybody. You're likely to want it, and to go on wanting it. There's more of your paper in the market than I'd give a farthing in the pound for.'

'I can't let the other fellow in for the bill,' said Esden.

'Very well, then,' responded the solicitor. 'Don't.'

Esden had never worked at a jury as he worked at this obdurate Hebrew. He coaxed, cajoled, and flattered. He said a hundred good things, and the solicitor, who had a sense of fun, laughed until his sides ached. But whenever the insidious borrower returned to his theme, or gave a sign of returning to it, the Hebrew grew unchristian and morose. He employed a frankness which was nothing short of brutal.

'Dot a farthig! It isn't good enough.'

It became evident in a while that Esden might as well hope to carve adamant with a quill as to squeeze gold from this Hebrew quartz, and he surrendered the effort with an apparent perfect good humour.

'If you won't, you know, you won't.'

'I won't,' said the solicitor, with unnecessary affirmation.

The barrister went away, to try his persuasive arts on others, but found the hour too late. Next day he scoured the City, and spent a pound in cab fares, to no effect. There was not a man in the whole money-lending confraternity who would have advanced him half-a-crown on his note of hand for fifty pounds. To deal fairly with him, it must be admitted that J. P.'s petitionary nose and feeble mouth and aspect of tearful intimacy were constantly before him, and the sense of obligation lay with an almost leaden weight upon his heart. It was certain that he had never meant to swindle poor J. P. He had only meant to have, by hook or by crook, a hundred and fifty pounds, and it was dreadful to think that so small a sum of money should grow into so horrible a burden for any man to carry. For his own part, he felt that he could have supported a million. If people could have been found to trust him with the amount of the National Debt, its proportions would never have appalled him. But he was J. P.'s vicar, so to speak, and did his suffering for him. J. P. had a wife and six children, and it was sad to think that the poor man was going to be ruined by an act of friendly confidence. Esden felt, all humbug apart, that he was really very, very sorry. But after all, if the money was not to be got at, it was not to be got at, and there was nothing for it but to trust to the chapter of accidents.

His last unavailing effort to secure the money brought him

close to a City station and a restaurant. He was tired and hungry, and the hour at which he had promised himself to reach Wootton Hill had come and gone already. So he resolved to economise time, and to that end despatched a commissioner with a note to his laundress, instructing her to pack up such of his belongings as would be necessary for a month's stay in the country. He dined whilst the man was away, and on his return with the luggage took the down train. He bought an evening journal or two, and was at first too vexed to read. But being of that elastic sort of mind which insistently returns to its native shape after any amount of twisting from without, he fell back into comfort and good-humour almost before he knew it, and was reading and smoking with perfect placidity when the train drew up at the station. He was known there, and the station-master saluted him with a deference which was all the pleasanter on account of that little trouble of J. P.'s. Esden's aunt was the personage of the neighbourhood, and her guests naturally became people of local distinction. It was a little soothing to a man who could not for his soul raise so small a sum as one hundred and fifty pounds to wear the air of a person of distinction. It helped to rehabilitate him in his own opinion.

'Very sorry, sir,' said the station-master respectfully, 'we sha'n't be able to send up your luggage for an hour. Leastways, not the whole of it. The man's just gone up to the 'Ill 'Ouse, sir, with the 'andcart.'

'All right,' said Esden; 'let me have it to-night.'

'Of course, sir. Without fail,' the station-master responded.

Esden walked away, feeling like an hereditary lord of the soil. Poor J. P. and his affairs had melted and were far away.

The Hill House was a residence of considerable size, with little or no pretension to architectural beauty. It stood over the surrounding country, and was visible for a mile or two in almost any direction. It had a number of great stately trees about it, and there was something homely, serene, and mellow in its aspect, in spite of its exposure to all sorts of winds and weathers. The high road led over the hill, and the gates were not more than two score yards from the house itself. The space was filled in by a lawn of ancient verdure, dotted with great trees, and an extension of this lawn in the rear of the house was shut out from the common gaze by a line of unusually well-grown rhododendron bushes. The house was bisected, as to its lower story, by an open hall, which ran from front to rear; and when both doors were opened, as they

often were in summer weather, people who drove by could look over the outer wall, across the lawn, along the shining expanse of polished oak flooring, and on to the sun-bathed green of the lawn in the rear. The two upper stories of the house were each in like manner divided by a corridor, and a broad winding staircase mounted at either end of the building to those upper regions.

Esden, strolling comfortably uphill, saw before him a man trundling a handcart. The man, pausing to rest, propped the wheel of the handcart with a stone, sat down upon one of the shafts, and mopped his forehead. The barrister came up with him just as he was preparing to start anew. He walked along by the side of the handcart, and read the superscription on the packages it contained.

‘You’re going to Hill House?’ he said affably. The man answered in the affirmative. ‘Bring my luggage on there from the station as soon as you can get back, there’s a good fellow.’

The man was a new-comer, and Esden felt a certain mild pleasure in making him aware of his destination. The fellow touched his cap immediately, and looked respectful.

‘You have a pretty heavy load there,’ said Esden, condescendingly.

‘Yes, sir,’ said the man. ‘Photographic tools, these is, sir. The lady’s been down half-a-dozen times to ask after ’em, sir.’

‘Photographic tools?’ said Esden. ‘Enough to set up a professional man. Don’t forget my luggage.’

With that he sauntered affably along, and reached the house a hundred yards before the messenger. As he entered at the gate a little group of girls, habited in white flannel, and twining together very prettily and affectionately, were moving across the lawn, chattering like a flock of starlings. Behind them, an elderly gentleman in black gave his arm to an elderly lady in grey. The visitor quickened his step and came up to the old couple.

‘Well, aunt,’ he said cheerfully, ‘here I am, and very glad I am to be here.’

‘My dear Wyncott,’ the old lady responded, ‘we are very glad to have you.’

The girls turned at the sound of the new arrival’s voice, and one of them walked towards him with a frank and boylike smile, and a hand outstretched in welcome.

‘You have not forgotten me, Mr. Esden?’

There was a faint indication of a Scottish accent in the voice, and the speaker had the true Scotch fairness of complexion. She

could hardly have been called a beauty, but there was something at first sight charming and engaging in her looks. She had frank and brave grey eyes, and a great quantity of brownish bronze hair, which just now floated about her head in a picturesque confusion. She had a knack of tossing this mane into shape by a swift motion of the head, and what with her fearless and friendly look, the extreme uprightness of her carriage, and something almost virile in her manner of shaking hands, she was at least as much like a boy in petticoats as she was like a young woman, notwithstanding the really supple and graceful lines of a very womanly figure.

Esden protested gaily that her question was an insult alike to his understanding and his heart. There was a laugh at this, and with another handshake, and a bow or two, he moved on towards the house with the party.

'I am the bearer of good news, Miss Pharr,' he said. 'I am the advance guard of contentment.'

'That is very nice to know,' Miss Pharr responded, with a spice of friendly satire in her tone.

'Your photographic apparatus,' said Esden, 'is at this instant at the gate.'

'No!' cried the lady, in a tone of unexpected delight and energy, and without another word she turned and sped towards the gate by which Esden had entered. There she paused with a sort of expectant dance on tiptoe, and her hands clasped together, a straw hat in the one and a racket in the other. A little breeze was blowing up the hill, and her beautiful hair was waving and dancing in it. Esden turned upon his heel and followed her at leisure.

'She isn't bad-looking,' he said to himself, 'and she has charming ways. I suspect that her way with the cheque-book is about as charming as any of them. I shall make as much running as I can, Miss Pharr, and you may take my word for it.'

The young lady was fairly alight with expectation and excitement. When the man wheeled the handcart into the drive, she laid hands upon the packages one by one, and walked alongside fondling them. She took up one of the lighter parcels and carried it in her arms, and, seeing Esden laughing at this enthusiasm, nodded brightly and laughed back at him in a pretty triumph.

'By George!' said Esden, inwardly, 'she's really jolly. She wasn't half as pretty as this last year.'

He forgot that last year the lady's income had been much

more limited than it was at present. There had been no such reason for admiring her.

In some five minutes' time the dining-room presented a scene of prodigious litter. Miss Pharr had always been spoiled, had always been enthusiastic, and had always had her own way. Now, with fifteen thousand a year at her back, she had it more than ever. Such a cutting of cords, such a crackling and unfolding of brown paper, and such a wild heaping of articles upon chairs and tables, the sober apartment had never known before. Everything was pronounced superb of its sort, and there was such a chorus of admiration as might have been excited amongst a party of tourists admitted to view the splendours of Aladdin's palace. Then the dressing-bell rang, and the servants were summoned in haste to carry away all the newly arrived treasures, and to make the apartment habitable once more.

The old lady lingered, after everybody but Esden had trooped upstairs. She was stout and scant of breath, and got about with difficulty, so that she had her apartments upon the ground floor.

'I shall put you next to Miss Pharr, my dear,' she said, in a confidential tone, with a twinkle of her kind old eyes. 'Now, you know what I think about the matter. Quite apart from her money, she is a charming girl, and she would make you a better wife than you deserve.'

'I,' said Esden, 'am the most obedient of nephews.'

'You are very clever and handsome,' the old lady responded; 'though I am afraid you are wickeder than you ought to be, like your poor dear father before you. Now run away and dress.'

'My dear aunt,' said Esden, 'I must confess to one crime. I have dined already. I was busy in the City, and had no time for luncheon, and I got so hungry that I really couldn't stand it any longer; and I can't dress because there was nobody at the station to bring up my luggage.'

'You must come to table and entertain us. I forgot to tell you—you can't have your old room, because Miss Pharr is there. Yours is the blue room at the other end of the corridor.'

Esden escorted his aunt to the door of her apartments, and then went upstairs, well pleased. J. P. and his concerns were miles away by this time, as clean forgotten as though they had never existed. The young gentleman felt that he had made an excellent fresh impression upon the heiress. She evidently retained a friendly memory of him, and when he had made such a toilet as he could he sat down at his bedroom window, and

lost all sight of outward things whilst he laid his plan of campaign. He decided that he would not cease to be frankly friendly for at least a week. Then he saw himself growing a little shy, and looked on at the change with a sly and humorous self-approval. Then he went over a scheme of embarrassment at her appearances, of chance encounters to be carefully arranged for; of abrupt departures, when honest circumstances should leave them together. He would take in the old lady herself, and make her his *confidante*. He would grow ashamed of the mere thought of fortune-hunting when once his heart was genuinely engaged. At this he grinned and rubbed his hands delightedly. It would be high comedy to have his aunt frightened at his threat of a noble and self-sacrificing desire to quit the field, and excellent fun to be reluctantly persuaded to continue the chase—love conquering even the fear of being thought athirst for lucre. He revelled in all this in anticipation, even apart from any hope of final success. He was a *ruseur* by nature, and hardly knew a higher joy than to conquer by persuasive trickery; and in a sort of fashion he was honest with it all. If he won he would make an excellent husband, and his wife would be proud of him. The battle of the Courts was the breath of his nostrils, and he credited himself with brains enough to justify him in forecasting for himself one of the highest prizes to be gained at the bar.

The dinner bell roused him from these dreams, and he went gaily down to conquer.

IV

He was less entertaining and amusing than he had meant to be, because the dinner-table talk was mainly confined to a subject of which he was entirely ignorant. But reflecting wisely that a good listener is just about as entertaining to other people as a good talker is to himself, he preserved for the most part a charming silence.

It was natural that, after the arrival of Miss Pharr's newly acquired treasure, the talk should fall upon photography. There were two amateur experts at table, and one as yet unlearned enthusiast. Miss Edith Wyncott, sole daughter of the lady of the house, a somewhat stately maiden of five-and-thirty, consoled herself with the photographic art as enthusiastically and lovingly as other maiden ladies console themselves with pugs or parrots. Dr. Elphinstone, the elderly gentleman whom we found a while ago arming his hostess across the lawn, was old enough to remember the beginning of the art, and had watched its progress

with a vivid interest. The world of science was indebted to him for a certain remarkable series of enlarged photographs of microscopic objects, so that he was a high authority.

It was the talk of these two which had persuaded Miss Pharr to occupy her leisure in photographic work, and the conversation was nearly all of wet processes and dry, of grey lights and white lights, screws, swivels, caps, and shutters. In the end, it grew too technical for the novice, and then she left the battle to the two authorities, and talked generally about the charms of the pursuit to Esden. It is not everybody in the world who could make a theme like this the means to display his own manly tenderness of heart, but Esden managed it. To have souvenirs of people and of places we have known or loved, not coldly bought for a shilling or two from a tradesman, but actually created by the labour of our own hands, must really be delightful. How charming, he urged, in solitude or age, to turn over the leaves of memory with such an aid as this beautiful art afforded! What a pleasant thing it would be to photograph, say, a child, month by month, until he grew to manhood, and to trace the gradual growth of intellect and strength in that way! The very combatants stopped in their dispute to listen to him.

‘If I were a photographer,’ said Esden, ‘I should make a point of dating all my work; not from any desire to mark my progress in the art, but from reasons purely sentimental. Think of the diary one could keep in such a fashion.’

‘That is really a valuable hint, Mr. Esden,’ said the heiress. ‘I shall adopt that suggestion, and I shall adopt it for that reason.’

Mrs. Wyncott sent Esden a meaning smile from her place at the head of the table, as if to say, ‘You are making excellent progress.’ Esden forbore to smile back in return, though it cost him something of an effort. The heiress looked at him with a grave and candid approval. She thought him a man of an admirable good heart; and he, quite honestly and to his own surprise, began more and more to think her charming.

Elphinstone was a Scotchman, with a face like that of an unusually benevolent and sagacious old deerhound. Sir Walter’s pet, Maida, might almost have sat for his portrait. He was prodigiously solemn, even for his type, and his highest expression of humorous satisfaction was conveyed by a dry twitch and twinkle. He was grave about matters of the most ordinary import, but where a thing concerned him at all his seriousness was abysmal.

'Ye're a very lucky pairson, Mess Janet,' he said, with his gracious and amiable solemnity, 'to have het upon a time for the commencement of your studies at a moment when the sci'nce o' chemistry as applied to photography has so far pairfected itself. I began, for my own part, when 'twas en its enfancy. I remember pairfectly well the time when your late uncle brought over that wonderful collection of jools and gems, and chains and coins, and owches and brooches. He asked me to photograph them for'm. He was just new back from Burmah, and the *Art Journal* was all agog to have drawings of them. We had the thengs penned down upon a board, and I got them ento the loveliest light y' ever saw, and I photo'd them. There was a mighty discussion at the time as to whether some of the coins were authentic, and all the numismatists in the wide wide warld took an enterest in the question. Well, I took the photos, and your uncle, being in a hurry, went straight back to Burmah with the oreginals. The pectures went from Edinburgh to London by the post, and were kept in the editor's drawer for a month, and when the poor man went to hand them to the engraver, they'd just clean flown. There was still a kind o' smutch upon the paper, but any notion of a pecture they might have presented had vanished for guid and a'. There's no danger o' the like o' that happenin' nowadays, and the student o' photography may reckon himself happy in that he begins at a time when at least he'll be played no tricks with.'

The heiress laid her finger upon her lips, and looked across at the aged medico with an aspect of exaggerated secrecy.

'We will say more of this hereafter, Dr. Elphinstone,' she said. 'Remind me in the drawing-room.'

When dinner was over, Esden, who under ordinary conditions would have lingered for the enjoyment of a cigarette, had found the heiress so charming, and the beginning of his pursuit received so kindly, that he felt bound to follow her. When tea had been brought, and the servant who bore it had retired, Elphinstone reminded Miss Pharr of her promise.

'I know,' she said, with a delightful little mischievous grimace at the old gentleman, 'that I shall be scolded for bringing them here;' and without a word of further explanation she darted from the room in her own vivid and boylike way, and presently returning with a morocco-bound despatch-box, laid it on the table, and unlocked it with a key she carried at her girdle along with a multitude of miniature kitchen utensils in silver.

Dr. Elphinstone, leaning with both hands upon the table, made

a long-drawn exclamation of wonder and delight as the box was opened. Esden was at the table already prepared to admire and wonder to precisely the extent to which wonder or admiration might be called for, and at the doctor's cry of surprise and pleasure the others gathered around.

'But, Janet!' cried the old lady. 'This is midsummer madness. How dare you carry such things about with you?' She stretched out a hand, and laid a fore-finger, which positively trembled with her delight, on a huge half-cut sapphire lying in the centre of the case. 'What are they worth?' she asked, in a tone which contrasted comically in its eagerness and worship with her reproof.

'I can't tell you,' Miss Pharr answered. 'I dare say my unele may have registered them at their full value. They were lying insured at the *Crédit Lyonnais* in Paris for half a million of francs. They were eating their heads off there, like unused horses in a stable. They were costing a thousand pounds a year for insurance. I can stable them in England much more cheaply.'

Everybody about the table stared at the gems and coins as if they had been jewels in a fairy tale. The doctor touched them one by one with a reverent fore-finger.

'I remember,' he said, with unusual solemnity. 'I remember.'

The case, which was no larger than a sheet of post quarto, opened into two compartments, and in these, gems old and new lay enshrined in violet velvet, together with rings, coins, and chains of Oriental workmanship. The heiress deftly whipped out a tray in the lower section of the box.

'There,' she said, 'is the real treasure.'

The onlookers bent forward with craned necks and jostling shoulders, each unconscious of the others. The real treasure was less inviting to the eye than the one first seen. The gems displayed were for the most part rock-encrusted, but every one on the upper side had to a greater or smaller extent been cut and polished, so that they flashed with gleams of sapphire and emerald and yellow diamond light—a light furtive and concealed. The doctor drew an inward breath, and with extended thumb and fore-finger touched one great stone, an emerald. Then, looking at the owner with an air of request and apology, he drew it from its place and laid it softly in the palm of his left hand.

'I'm a little bet of an amateur,' he said, in a half awe-struck tone.

'That,' cried Miss Pharr, laughing, 'is quite a boast for Dr.

Elphinstone. When he admits himself to be "a little bet of an amateur"—with an audacious mimicry of the old gentleman's tone and manner—"he means to say that he knows everything that can be known."

The doctor turned upon her and twinkled.

'May so old a gentleman as myself invite so young a ledly as you are not to talk nonsense? Janet, this is just wonderful!' He stood poring over the jewel and watching its rich gleaming green for a minute, and then returned it reverently to its place. Then he stretched his white fingers over the collection as if he blessed it. 'Eh?' he said suddenly, as if someone had addressed him, and then in an inward murmur repeated the line, 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene.'

'Janet,' said Mrs. Wyncott solemnly, 'you must not keep these valuables in the house. I shall never be able to sleep so long as they are here. You will have us all murdered in our beds.'

'There is not a soul except ourselves who knows that they are here,' Miss Pharr responded. 'I did not even mention them before the servants at dinner. Besides that, they are not the sort of thing a thief would care to steal. They are too remarkable to be easily disposed of.'

'Pray don't be too certain of that, Miss Pharr,' said Esden. 'I have encountered professionally a score of gentlemen who would willingly risk their necks for such a booty. And, as for disposing of them, there is an actual firm of receivers of stolen goods in London who are known to be ready, at almost any hour, with five thousand pounds.'

'Wyncott Esden knows these things,' said Miss Wyncott. 'His profession brings him into contact with those dangerous people. You should really listen to his advice, Janet.'

'Well,' said Miss Pharr, looking up at Esden, 'do you think it unwise for me to have them with me?'

'I think it a little rash and hazardous,' he answered.

'But,' said the owner of the jewels, with a momentary amused petulance, 'you want to make them a sort of white elephant to me. What is the good of a girl having the things at all if she is only to lock them up in a bank and pay for their being kept there?'

'That's a verri pointed query,' said Dr. Elphinstone, 'but I should be ill at ease with them if they belonged to me.'

'I suppose,' said Miss Pharr, replacing the tray which covered the more valuable gems, 'that I may be allowed to keep my mother's jewellery. And yet, to my mind, they are more dangerous

than the others. You have only to wrench these stones from their setting, and nobody could identify them.'

'Poor Robert would hardly have cared for the idea of the collection being dissipated, or I should counsel their being put upon the market,' said Dr. Elphinstone.

'That I shall never do,' said Miss Pharr decisively. She closed and locked the casket. 'In the meantime,' she continued, laughing, 'guard my dangerous secret. There is a very strong and snug little cupboard in my bedroom, and there they shall lie until I can find time to run up to town with them. Then they shall go to the bankers. Am I likely to encounter a burglar on the stairs?'

'Janet, I beg you not to talk of such terrible things in a tone of levity,' said the old lady. 'It is a wanton tempting of Providence.'

There are some people who seem to think that Providence lies in wait for little opportunities of this kind. It is a disrespectful theory, and would seem to imply a capricious sort of vigilance at best.

Miss Pharr ran off with her jewels, locked them in the cupboard she had spoken of, and returned. Esden so manœuvred as to place himself with apparent naturalness at her side, and they had a bright and cheerful talk together. Every moment she grew more prepossessing to his fancy, and he began to think that if things went on at this pace there would be no need for pretences in a week's time from now. So far as he could judge—and he was neither outrageously vain nor a fool—the impression he made was as favourable as the one he received. He went to bed with a light heart, but the hapless J. P. haunted his pillow, and darkened his midnight hours until he went to sleep and dreamed of Miss Pharr and Golconda.

V

Esden was rather a late bird for the country as a rule, but next morning the man had no sooner brought in his tub and shaving water than he bundled out of bed. Overnight, a photographic expedition had been arranged, and Miss Pharr was too eager to play with her new toy to suffer herself to be delayed by any late comer. Esden wanted to be helpful, and was naturally resolved to be profoundly interested in photography.

The man appointed to attend to his necessities had opened his portmanteau and stacked away his belongings with perfect neatness. He had not, however, opened the dressing-case, which closed with a snap lock, and that light task was left to the hands

of the proprietor. Esden, growling a little at the delay, sought for the key, found it, and opened the case. There, at the bottom of the bag, to his considerable astonishment, lay the severed halves of Mr. Reuben Gale's curious souvenir.

'Now, what the deuce did the old fool think I wanted that for?' he asked, half aloud. 'What on earth does she think it is, I wonder?'

He remembered having found it upon his pillow on going to bed on the night of his experiment with the door. He had unscrewed the tool, and set it on the chest of drawers, and there his laundress had obviously found it.

'Thought it would come in handy, no doubt,' he said, laughingly, as he applied the soap-brush to his chin. 'So it would, with Miss Pharr's jewels in the house. There's a good joke there. I'll take it down, and tell them the story.'

It crossed his mind that it would be a jest to pretend to have found it and to argue from it the presence of a burglar in the house, but he had too much wit to turn practical joker, and abandoned that idea before it was fairly formed. He was dilatory with his dressing, and the breakfast bell ringing before he was half ready for it put his discovery out of mind. He closed the dressing-bag with a snap, and had reached the foot of the stairs before he recalled the thought of the implement.

'Never mind,' he said to himself. 'There'll be more leisure for a story after dinner;' and so went down and encountered his hostess and his fellow guests as brightly as he had left them ten hours before.

'A letter for you, Wyncott,' said the old lady. Esden took it from her hand and recognised J. P.'s superscription. He sat down and opened the envelope with the handle of an egg-spoon, and took out the missive somewhat jerkily. His correspondent wrote that he had heard news which had very much disturbed him. He had called at chambers for the purpose of talking it over, and the laundress, knowing their intimacy, had given him Esden's address. Was that bill *really* all right? J. P. wanted to know. It was a matter of life and death to him, and the information he had received made him fear that it was doubtful. Would Esden wire?

The young barrister had hard work to conceal his annoyance. He wouldn't have let that wretched J. P. in for this, so he told himself, for all the money in the world. Apart from the fact that it was really pitiful to damage so helpless a personage, it was disastrous to hurt a man of J. P.'s temperament, because everybody

would know the injury he had sustained, and the cause of the trouble would inevitably have life made a burden to him. If it had not been that the others were supplied with a theme in which they were warmly interested, the fall in Esden's spirits, and the sham gaiety with which he tried to mask it, would hardly have escaped notice. Confound J. P.! What had he got to howl about—as yet? Let him howl when the time came! Esden was righteously wrathful at the fact that J. P. would not accept his reiterated word.

Breakfast over, a council of campaign was held, and, everybody being entrusted with something to carry, the party set out with Miss Pharr's brand-new paraphernalia in search of landscape beauties at Wootton Wood. There, at an indicated spot; they were to be met by luncheon, and the three photographers at least were bent upon making a day of it.

They had scarcely reached their destination, and were all busily interested in working or watching, when the gardener's boy from the house came up, hot and breathless, with a telegram for Esden. This also came from J. P., and Esden, walking a little apart to open it, broke into maledictions on its sender, until he caught sight of the brown-faced boy at his elbow, staring aghast and open-mouthed at him. He had an impulse upon him to wring the boy's neck, but humour was his forte rather than ill-temper, and he laughed instead. 'For Heaven's sake, wire,' ran J. P.'s message, and Esden, tearing a blank leaf from his pocket-book, pencilled a message in reply. 'All right. Don't be an old ass.' He gave this to the boy with half a crown, and bade him take it to the post-office with all convenient speed.

'Be oi to bring back the chynge, sir?' the boy asked.

'No,' said Esden, 'you can keep it.'

The boy's face beamed, and he was off with a touch of his hat-brim. When he thought himself at a distance to be unobserved, he was seen to hurl his hat in the air, and to execute a wild flourish of delight with a pair of prodigious boots. Miss Pharr as well as Esden caught sight of him, and burst into a merry peal of laughter.

'You have gladdened one heart to-day, Mr. Esden,' she said, pleasantly.

This half restored Esden's balance. It was worth while even to be badgered a little, if the badgering in any way helped to establish him in Miss Pharr's good opinion. But J. P. obstinately refused to be altogether got rid of. There were indeed moments when he seemed so vividly present, with that new moon of a nose

of his and his half-opened mouth of resigned complaint, that Esden loathed him, and could have willingly done him bodily injury if that could have helped the case.

With all this, it was his business to be unobtrusively helpful, and constantly interested in Miss Pharr's operations. The doctor and the maiden lady were full of advices, and were both itching to do the work themselves. The spot was a little Paradise for a landscape artist. Every change of posture, every half-dozen paces gave a new picture. Everybody in the party was grouped and posed repeatedly, and even when the operations were cut short by the arrival of luncheon, Miss Pharr's amateur enthusiasm was unabated, and her artistic appetite uncloyed.

The cloth was spread upon a little turf table at the very edge of the wood, and the spot commanded a view of the house and of the winding path across the fields which led towards it. They were but halfway through the meal when Esden, glancing out of the shadow, gave an actual groan of impatience and rose to his feet. There was J. P.'s ramshackle figure on the pathway, and the gardener's boy was escorting him.

'What is the matter, Wyncott?' asked the doctor.

'Here's the deadliest bore in Europe,' he responded. 'He's a client of mine, and a personal acquaintance into the bargain. He presumes on that to come and talk about his case to me. I won't endure him. I shall send him back to his solicitor.'

So saying, he walked off to meet his unwelcome visitor, who, seeing him approaching, waved his stick in recognition, and fumbled in his pockets for a tip for the boy. He wore long-fingered dogskin gloves, and was by nature one of those clumsy-handed people who do nothing easily. He groped so long for the three-penny piece he wanted, that Esden came up with him just as he had found it. They both kept silence until the boy had accepted the coin and retired with a salute.

'Now, my dear fellow, what do you want here?' Esden asked, in a tone of impatience.

'Well, you see,' mumbled the visitor, behind his nose, 'you should have wired, Esden. You ought to have wired.'

'Hang it all, man,' Esden answered, 'I did wire.'

J. P. took the air of one suddenly arrested, and stared at Esden with rounded eyes, and his mouth a little open as if he were making ready to bleat.

'I never got it,' he said feebly. 'Where did you send it to?'

'I sent it to the office,' Esden answered. 'I sent it immediately on receipt of yours.'

'Oh!' said J. P., 'that accounts for it. I didn't go to the office this morning. I was waiting at home all day for an answer. What did you say?'

'I said, "All right. Don't be an old ass."' Esden laid both hands on J. P.'s shoulders, and gave him a cordial little shake. 'You go home, old man,' he said, calling up his brightest and most friendly smile, 'and make your mind quite easy.'

'Well, if you say that,' J. P. returned dubiously, 'it takes a weight off a man's mind, of course. But they told me in the City last night that you were moving heaven and earth to raise a hundred and fifty, and it made me anxious.'

'Now, look here, J. P.,' said Esden, with a gentle severity. 'I've written to you that it's all right. I've wired to you that it's all right. I've told you over and over again, speaking to you face to face, that it's all right.'

'Well—oh, of course, if you put it that way,' said J. P., still dubious.

'Don't you fret,' said Esden; 'you shall never hear any more about it.'

J. P. said again that a load was taken from his mind, though he looked as if an added burden had been laid upon it.

'You see, Esden,' he mumbled in meek apology, 'it would be an awful thing for me to have to meet it. Six girls, you know, all in perfect health, and such appetites you'd hardly credit. Then Mrs. P.—it seems that she too was shorn of a whole surname like himself—is very ailing and weakly. We have had to take on another woman to look after the children, and the doctor's bills are something awful. Of course I must let her have the best assistance, and a good doctor is very expensive.'

'I know, old chap, I know,' said Esden, laying a hand upon his shoulder. At that moment his heart ached with compassion and repentance. 'You shan't be hurt, J. P. He would be a hard-hearted devil who'd damage you, old chap.'

'Well, then,' said J. P., 'I can rely upon you?'

'You can rely upon me,' Esden answered.

He walked back with him towards the station, and had to seem high-spirited and easy of heart all the way. The poor J. P. went off comforted, and Esden strolled back bitterly unhappy, and filled with an impotent loathing of himself. He had spoken one phrase in all sincerity. It was base indeed to hurt so harmless a creature. But how he could help it, and how escape the disgrace which seemed falling upon himself, he could not guess.

VI

The placid Mrs. Wyncott watched her impecunious nephew's progress with the heiress with a growing satisfaction. She was one of those people who believe that reformed rakes make the best husbands, which is at least as true as that pickpockets retired from practice are the most faithful of trustees. Esden had certainly been a bit of a rake in his day. Once the old lady had paid his debts for him, and there had been so pronounced a coolness on her side after this act of kindness, that Esden, who had natural and considerable expectations from her, had been compelled to pretend to a condition of financial prosperity which he was very far from enjoying. He had even gone so far, when he had grown quite sure of his aunt's forgiveness, as to offer repayment. The old lady had been very kind with him on this occasion, and had shed a tear or two over the returned and respectable prodigal. It was quite right, in her judgment, for a young man to sow his wild oats; but she had a strong impression, too, that the young man should reserve a special field for them, and should bring home some marketable harvest. Of her two nephews she had been used to prefer Arnold, but Arnold had gone into the Church. Mrs. Wyncott's father had been a pronounced Whig in the terrible old Nineties, and she had imbibed from him certain vague notions about the Godhead of Reason, which left the Church respectable to her mind, but behind the age and a trifle feeble. A man with Arnold's figure should have gone into the Guards. She was a little parsimonious, but she had cared enough for him to find the money for that somewhat expensive and unprofitable career. He chose the Church in spite of her, and her affection for him cooled, until she began to like the scapegrace better than the clergyman.

There was an understood feud between her and her daughter Edith on this point. Edith was a devout Churchwoman, and reprobated mamma's freethinking opinions, vague and harmless as they were. Then the old maid—with that tender insight which unmarried women who have passed their prime unloved so often have—had penetrated a secret to which her mother was blind. Arnold was seriously in love with Miss Pharr, and was only frightened away by the contemplation of her money. She held the key to another secret which needed no tenderness to discover. The money which drove the solidier and worthier man away was

the bait which drew his shallower and less deserving cousin. She liked Wyncott Esden—most people liked him—and she was not very severe in her judgment about him. But she esteemed the other man infinitely more highly. So, whilst mamma benevolently plotted in behalf of the barrister, Miss Wyncott took the cause of the clergyman in hand, and determined to do her best for him.

Miss Pharr and Esden and the old doctor were out photographing together, and the old lady was inwardly complacent at the prospect of the two young people being left much in each other's society. She had never dared to warn Edith out of the way, but she triumphed over the small stratagem which she believed to have kept her at home that morning. By-and-by, however, she discovered that there was another strategist on the field.

'It looks very hot outside this morning,' said the younger lady, leisurely plying her needle. 'I am glad I stayed within doors.'

'So am I, my dear,' mamma answered comfortably.

'It has given me an opportunity,' said Miss Wyncott, 'of writing to Arnold.' Mamma dropped her book upon her lap, and folded her plump hands upon it with an expression almost of dismay. 'I don't know how it is that one's hands seem so full always,' Edith went on, with no admission of having noticed this change of attitude, 'but one never seems to have time for anything.'

She went on stitching with downcast eyes, and the old lady, making her tone as tranquil as she could, asked:

'What did you say to Arnold?'

'I told him we should be very glad to see him if he would come down.'

'Edith!' cried the old lady, with sudden shrillness.

'Yes, dear?' said Edith, looking innocently up at her.

'For goodness' sake,' exclaimed Mrs. Wyncott, 'don't take these airs with me. You know very well that I don't want Arnold here at present. I don't want any other young man than Wyncott about the house at present. I forbid you to send that letter.'

For sole answer, Miss Wyncott arose from her seat and rang the bell. Mamma fanned herself with a defined air of triumphant indignation, and her daughter went back to her sewing. By-and-by, a servant appeared in answer to the summons.

'Ask Grainger to come here,' said Edith.

'Grainger, Miss Wyncott?' repeated the servant.

'Grainger,' repeated Edith, 'Miss Pharr's maid.'

There was another pause, and Mrs. Wyncott's fan took a disturbed and doubtful movement. In a little while Grainger came,

looking reserved and handsome, and as if under a sort of stately compulsion. She was dressed in discreet black, with white linen at the wrists and throat, and her lustrous black hair was rolled into a great knot. She looked as unyielding and disdainful here as she had done in Esden's chambers a week earlier.

The younger lady did not so much as trouble to glance at her.

'You have been to the village?' she asked, in a tone of icy sweetness.

'Yes, Miss Wyncott.'

'Did you post the letter I gave to you?'

'Yes, Miss Wyncott.'

'Thank you. That will do.'

Grainger retired, closing the door behind her.

'I am naturally very sorry, mamma,' said Edith, 'but you see it is too late.'

'You have done this in order to spite me, Edith, and to thwart my plans,' cried the old lady in an angry flutter.

'Really, mamma,' Edith responded, 'you say the strangest and most unaccountable things. What plans of yours do I know of that could possibly be thwarted by Arnold's presence here?'

'Oh!' responded the old lady, 'I have no patience. You call yourself a Christian woman, Edith. I have no faith in you sanctimonious people. If there is any difference between telling a lie and acting one, I'm sure the difference is in favour of the telling.' Edith sewed on contentedly. 'How dare you try to face me out with a pretence that you knew nothing of my plans?'

'Mamma,' said Edith, 'you will not forgive yourself for this outburst so readily as I shall.'

'Fiddlestick!' said the old lady. 'If you succeed in spoiling what I am trying to do—and you know what I am trying to do as well as I do myself—I will never forgive you to the day of my death, and I'll will every penny to Wyncott.'

'I have my own modest competence, mamma,' said Edith, with something almost saintly in her tone.

'You may make the most of it,' her mother responded angrily. If she had been as young as her daughter, she would have left the room in a swirl of petticoats. As it was, she went off the scene with a sense of something wanting in the way of dignified rapidity.

'Do not walk too fast, mamma,' said Edith, with a readiness of pardon which completed the other's exasperation. 'You will only heat yourself, and be unnerved afterwards.'

Now this scene, coming on a proclamation of Miss Wyncott's tender-heartedness, may seem to contradict it, but only for the superficial. If her mother had been but a hundredth part as distressed and annoyed about anything else in the world, she would have been sure of her daughter's sympathy. But here was a love affair in which each had an interest, and Edith would have done almost anything to prevent her candidate from being jostled out of the running. She wanted a finger in that delicious love-pie which no man had ever baked for her eating. There was something almost pious too, a feeling of saintly satisfaction, in the thought that she might help to roll Miss Pharr's thousands from the worldling's track, and send them in the Church's way.

As Miss Wyncott went on with her sewing, her thoughts turned, with a grave disapproval, on the accent and bearing of Miss Pharr's new maid. She had not liked the new maid from the moment of her arrival, but she had never liked her so little as in the brief interview of that morning. Grainger's manner had been undeniably haughty, and so long as domestic service shall continue as an institution, ladies will object to being treated *de haut en bas* by their friends' maids. The more Miss Wyncott thought of Grainger's manner, the less she liked it. Now, the fact was, that Grainger was by nature of a very sweet and serviceable disposition; but her expectation of Esden in the house had laid a chilling constraint upon her from the first, and on her way back from the errand upon which Miss Wyncott had despatched her, the girl had had an encounter of the most disturbing sort.

The house and the railway station were both on the high road, though at a considerable distance from each other, but the way to the village ran through a close-grown copse. Through the middle of this copse babbled a little runnel, not more than a foot wide in dry weather. The formation of its banks showed that in winter it could assume considerable proportions, but at the present season of the year the wooden bridge which crossed it looked disproportionately and even absurdly long. As Grainger approached this bridge she saw a gentleman lounging moodily upon it, with his elbows on the rail, and a walking-stick dangling from one hand. She drew her skirts on one side, and quickened her step to pass him, for she was a town-bred girl, and the solitude, silence, and dimness of the little wood awed and frightened her more than a little. An unknown lonely street on a dark night would have had no such terrors for her as this quiet bit of woodland. When she was within six feet of the moody gentleman, he turned and assumed

an erect posture so abruptly that she all but walked into his arms. She recoiled with an involuntary smothered cry.

'Let me get by, Mr. Esden!'

'You seem in a deuce of a hurry to get by,' said Esden, looking at her with a face of unusual gloom.

'I am in a hurry,' she responded. 'I am doing an errand for Miss Wyncott. Let me go by.'

'You weren't always in such a hurry to get away from me,' said Esden.

'I wonder,' she answered, with an angry flash, 'that you should have the face to speak about those times to me. I wonder'—and then on a sudden her voice began to quaver—'that you can find the heart——'

Then, to Esden's discomfiture, and somewhat to his amazement, she began to cry. She turned away from him to find her handkerchief, and, having found it, hid her face. Her sobs became almost convulsive, and her figure writhed as though she struggled with herself. He put his arm about her waist, intending to console her, but she sprang away from him and faced him, with the handkerchief clasped in both hands, and her face distorted with weeping.

'You!' she said passionately. 'Are you a man? What right have you to stop me here?'

'I never thought you cared as much as this, Polly,' said Esden.

'What right have you to say I care?' she asked. 'You would have left me with enough to care for, if I had been the fool you thought I was.'

'My dear,' said Esden, 'if you think that I'm the sort of brute to throw a woman over after getting all I care for, you're very much mistaken. For my own part, I never thought that marriage was a part of the bargain. I never fancied it entered your mind to think so.'

'When a man tells a girl he loves her,' she answered, with a vehemence so passionate that she could hardly find words for it, 'he either means marriage or he is a villain. Do you talk to Miss Pharr as you used to talk to me? Do you dare to think about her as you had the impudence to think about me?'

'Don't talk about Miss Pharr, if you please,' said Esden, sombrely. 'I'm sorry that I hurt your pride. I'm sorry that we misunderstood each other.'

'Hurt my pride?' she said. 'Hurt *my* pride? You hurt my

pride in you. I thought you were a man. I thought you were a gentleman.'

'Well, well, Polly,' said Esden. 'Let sleeping dogs lie. I beg your pardon. There! I'm very sorry.'

She disdained his offered hand, and he, shrugging his shoulders, turned and walked away with a more dejected air than ever. When she had been left alone for a little while, the girl, by a strong effort, suppressed her tears, and, climbing down the bank by the side of the runlet, steeped a part of her handkerchief in the clear cool waters, and removed all traces of her late passion. Esden meanwhile strode up to the house on some slight commission which he had undertaken for Miss Pharr, and walking briskly, by mere force of motion cleared away for the moment—as men of his temperament can do—the troubles which lay upon his mind.

Next day Arnold ran down from town by an early train, and was received rather icily by the old lady. The younger lady was extremely warm on the contrary, and had never been so hospitable and so cousinly affectionate in all his kindly remembrance of her.

Miss Pharr was still indefatigable in her enjoyment of the new toy, and the old doctor was her willing slave, as he had been from the time when she tyrannised over him in her babyhood. She was very deft-handed and quick to learn, and with so experienced a monitor constantly at her elbow she made delightful progress. They had set up a tent upon the lawn, and were now bent on getting pictures of the house from half-a-dozen different points of view. Mrs. Wyncott, who sat reading in the tent at the moment of Arnold's arrival, was pleased to see that the heiress received him with a manner very different from that with which she had welcomed his cousin. Miss Pharr was a trifle shy with the young clergyman, and gave no sign of pleasure when she greeted him.

Arnold himself seemed not altogether at his ease, and the young barrister fluttered so assiduously about the heiress, that, but for Edith's attentions to him, the curate would have felt himself altogether in the cold. At luncheon he was perforce taken into conversation, and there he dropped what turned out to be a sort of social bombshell, though he let it fall quite unawares.

'Whom do you think I met in town last night, Wyncott?' he asked, addressing his cousin.

'That's rather a wide riddle,' Wyncott answered lightly.

'I met the Boomer. Boomer Brown.'

'Never!' cried Esden, starting from the table. He stood upright, with a flushed face, and cast a swift glance around the table. Then he turned pale, and sat down again, drawing up his chair behind him. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, with an odd catch in his voice. 'I'd heard the Boomer was dead. Royce told me so. Arnold's announcement,' he added, turning to his aunt, and tapping his fingers upon his chest, 'hit me rather hard. It was like seeing a ghost to hear it. I must go and see the Boomer, Arnold.'

'You will have to be pretty quick about it,' Arnold answered. 'He's off again to-night, I fancy.'

'Off?' said Esden. 'Where?'

'Back to Honduras.'

'My dear aunt,' said Esden, rising, slowly this time, 'I am sure you will forgive me, but this is a dear old friend of mine. I thought he was dead, and that I should never see his face again. I must run up to see him. You'll excuse me, won't you? We were at Cambridge together, the old Boomer and I. There isn't a better fellow in the world.'

He was very oddly moved, and everybody at table remarked it.

'Go by all means, Wyncott,' the old lady answered.

'You know where he's staying, Arnold?'

'Yes. At the Langham. He's there till six, I fancy.'

'All right,' said Esden. 'How do the up-trains go?'

'There is one due in a quarter of an hour, sir,' said the servant who waited at table. 'One twenty-five, sir.'

'I'll take that,' said Esden. 'I'll take a handbag with me in case I should be able to induce him to stay another night in town. I wouldn't miss him for the world.'

With that he left the room, and was heard racing upstairs, three steps at a time. Shortly he was heard racing down again, and when he thrust his head in at the door in passing he looked positively radiant.

'If I'm not down by nine o'clock, don't expect me to-night,' he said, and disappeared, smiling.

'Very well, dear,' Mrs. Wyncott answered, but he was gone already. 'Those affections between young men,' the old lady added, turning to Miss Pharr, 'are very beautiful to see. When you see that kind of feeling in a young man, you know what sort of a heart he has. Poor dear Wyncott! He was quite moved.'

That poor dear Wyncott had been moved, and deeply moved, was obvious to the poorest observer. But it was not his warmth

and tenderness of attachment towards this casually mentioned friend which had so excited him. The plain English of the matter was that the Boomer was not only one of the most generous and amiable men in Esden's acquaintance, but beyond comparison the wealthiest. He had but to tell the story of his embarrassments to the Boomer to be lifted out of them. He could hear his friend's noisy, cheerful voice booming at him in anticipation—'Three hundred, my boy? Certainly. Make it five.' It is not to be supposed that the Honduras millionaire had this agreeable and easy way with every old college acquaintance, but it happened that he had saved Esden from drowning once upon a time, and from that moment forward had been as fond of him as if he had brought him into being.

To save that forlorn J. P.—to save himself—it was a glorious prospect! The summer sun had never shone more brightly for Esden than it did that afternoon. The broad earth laughed to his rejoicing fancy. He threw care to the winds, and sat like a king, with his thoughts for courtiers, as the train bore him slowly through the sleepy pastures. When he reached the terminus and hailed a hansom, he was so full of high spirits, that the very cabby grinned responsive to his smile, and rattled him along to the Langham with a solace for his own hard-bitten fancies.

At the portal blank midnight fell on everything. Brown was gone. He had taken the morning train, and had left no address behind him.

(To be continued.)

Wardour-Street English.

THE loiterer in the byways of literary history and criticism might find materials for a curious and amusing chapter in a consideration of the often-repeated attempts—some of them admirable, many of them absurd—to fix by authority, or to influence in some artificial way, the literary vocabulary of a living language. He might look in on the Della Cruscans; not the Laura Marias and Anna Matildas whose insipid sentimentalisms incontinently vanished at the sound of Gifford's mock and satire, but the members of the famous Florentine Academy, the pious labourers who found their task in separating the wheat from the chaff of the Tuscan tongue. They named themselves the 'Accademia della Crusca,' the Academy of the 'Bran'; their device was a sieve; their motto, 'Il più bel fior ne coglie' ('It gathers the finest flour'). In their hall of meeting the seats were in the form of a baker's basket, the backs shaped like a shovel for corn, and the grey satin cushions in the likeness of a miller's sack. There sat the Della Cruscans with their sieve, bolting their literary bran. Or, passing from Italy to France, the lingering rambler might throw an amused glance on Ronsard and his marvellous linguistic ways; Ronsard, who thought his native French a poor and feeble speech, and who would have wished to drag Greek and Latin almost bodily into it. Nay, he did it. Here is one of his verses:—

Oeymore, dyspotme, oligochronien.

It was well that Ronsard uttered a note of warning to those too confiding Frenchmen who might have thought that they could surely read the works of their own fellow-countryman:—

Les Français qui mes vers liron,
S'ils ne sont et Grecs et Romains,
Au lieu de ce livre ils n'auront
Qu'un pesant faix entre les mains.

From Ronsard to Malherbe; from one linguistic absurdity to its counter-absurdity. Malherbe, a fanatic for the purity of the French language, abominated and proscribed Ronsard and all his works. Known as the 'tyrant of words and syllables,' Malherbe, on his death-bed and in the very last moments of his life, angrily rebuked his nurse for the solecisms of her language. And when his confessor mildly remonstrated, Malherbe only replied: 'Sir, I will defend to my very last gasp the purity of the French language.' The good confessor soothingly, but not in too exquisite a diction, dwelt on the heavenly joys which Malherbe might now reckon to be within so very easy a distance; but the pedantic purist broke out upon him: 'Say no more about it, or your wretched style will disgust me with the place altogether!'

Too well known for comment are the vagaries of the *Précieuses* who rallied at the Hôtel Rambouillet, who would reform French orthography, and banish from the language everything that was mean and common and vulgar. And there were the Euphuists in Elizabeth's England; and there were the English purists who would use no word not to be found in Dryden; and, in France once more, there were the French Forty and their long and painful struggles with their Dictionary.

If we English should ever have an English Academy on the model of the French one—and, though the virtue of an 'if' was hardly ever greater, we really came quite near this once in the days of Queen Anne and Swift and Bolingbroke—there is one mistake which such an Academy would very certainly avoid. The Society of the Forty, or the Thirty, or the Fifty, might be the rallying-point for excellence in manner and sanity in matter; if it were not that it need not, like the condescending monarch, take the trouble to be born. But it would never attempt to do for the English language what the French Academy attempted to do for the French. It would not say that such and such a word was English and should be so, and that such and such another word was not English and should not be so. It would not think that any man or any body of men could do much to interfere with the natural growth and tendencies of a living language. All such attempts, however well-meaning and even praiseworthy, end in inevitable failure, and have always a fatal tendency to become sheerly ridiculous. In the early seventeenth century in France, it was an admirable and an essential thing to insist on critical correctness in the use of the French language, but it was absurd to be so pedantical a purist as Malherbe was. Malherbe was so fatal a precisian in his

choice of words that he spent three years in composing an ode on the death of a friend's wife. By the time the ode was ready Malherbe's friend was a married man again. French is a Romance language, and it was not at all ridiculous to strengthen and enrich it from the stores of the classical tongues; but it was absurd to go such extravagant lengths as Ronsard went, and the inevitable punishment followed in the killing satire of Rabelais. It was quite the reverse of absurd to avoid vulgarity and cultivate dignity, even in the mere small change of everyday conversation; but it was ludicrous and grotesque to talk as the frequenters of the Hôtel Rambouillet talked, and the world still laughs with Molière over the fantastic absurdities of the *Précieuses Ridicules*. In like manner, Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, poured a stream of kindly ridicule over the extraordinary ways of the English Euphuists.

Crazes vary but never disappear. At the present day there is a little band of English writers who, like all these other excellent but extravagant persons, are possessed by a fantastic linguistic spirit. Their motto, if they had one, would be: 'The English language for the English people;' or, 'The English language, the whole English language, and nothing but the English language.' In spite of all temptations they remain Englishmen. A word of foreign origin in an English sentence is in their eyes an abomination. They are true to what they are fond of calling our grand old mother-tongue, our strong old Saxon speech, our pure, homely, strong Saxon-English. In their instinctive rejection of any word unstamped with the Anglo-Saxon hall-mark, they remind one of the man who looked with such horror upon under-cooked meat or anything resembling it, that he once sent away a cinder because it was red. In short, these good people are so intensely Anglo-Saxon that they would have been quite at home at a soirée at Cynewulf's or at a conversazione to meet Caedmon.

A considerable number of them may be reckoned as very unimportant offenders. Such, for instance, are many of the writers of the countless little primers on History and Literature which swarm every year from the press. Everyone knows the curiously archaic style affected by many of the authors of these little books. They seem to find some inexplicable pleasure in writing such sham-simple sentences as: 'Howbeit there reigned in 593 a king in Northumberland, named Ethelfrith, a very mighty man.' This is the sort of king who, in this literary style, 'waxes very wroth,' and 'slays the folk.' Men wounded in battle are

'sore hurt,' and when there is a famine in the land 'much folk dies of hunger.' All this is a very harmless kind of thing, though to anyone with the slightest sense of humour it is irresistibly ludicrous. Neither is much harm done when sundry learned professors and indefatigable editors divert themselves and their readers with the eccentricities of their Anglo-Saxon dialect. We are all, for example, grateful to Mr. Furnivall (though one's gratitude seldom reaches the length of spelling his name correctly), and if the little oddities of his vocabulary please him, why, then, let them please us too. Why should he edit, if he prefers to 'put forth'? Let his prefaces, by all means, be 'forewords,' and let manuscripts, in his dialect, be 'skin-books.' It is all harmless enough. But when vagaries of this sort find their way into what is meant for serious English literature and reign rampant there, the affair is altogether different. The style of the mere antiquarian, the style of the editor of Early English Texts, is not a matter of much literary moment; the question of the style of the poet and of the genuine man of letters stands on a different footing. The author of the *Earthly Paradise*—a work strangely referred to by a recent French writer as the *Earthen Paradise*—has secured for himself a place among modern English poets; but what strange linguistic ways are those of Mr. William Morris in his recent translation of the *Odyssey*! When Mr. Morris was busy with themes supplied to him by early Scandinavian legend and mythology, he might, perhaps, have pleaded that English of an antique and archaic cast was in keeping with his subject, and that his style should be at least as Teutonic, if not as Scandinavian, as he possibly could make it. Though even in that case the simple reader does not see why it is not quite as Teutonic and quite as poetical to say 'I was a smith,' as it is to say 'A smithying-carle was I.' But let it be granted that in, for instance, the story of Sigurd, it is appropriate and poetical to talk about smithying-carles, and men-folk, and All-father, and the burg of heaven, and the joyful yea-saying, and the hungry cow-kind. Let this be so; but where, in the name of all that is appropriate and poetical, is the room for Wardour-Street English of this kind in a translation of Virgil or Homer? Yet in Mr. Morris's version of the *Odyssey* the reader finds himself more than ever annoyed and irritated by the profuse employment of sham Saxon. Here again we are among the men-folk, and the god-folk, and the thrall-folk, and the sheep-kind; here servants are swains of service, and butlers are wine swains; Ulysses is the Burg-bane, Hermes the

Flitter, and Zeus the Cloud-packs' Herder. When Athena appeared to Telemachus and counselled him to go in search of his long-absent father, she advised him to get twenty rowers and the best ship he could find. In Morrisian English, Athena's language is:—

Do thou dight thee a twenty-banked ship right good.

'Dight,' indeed, is a terribly overworked word. Used once or twice it might pass; at the thousandth repetition it becomes tedious. Of Penelope we are told:—

Within the house of her homestead hath she dight her a warp of worth,

Or again, when the Cyclops destroys the comrades of Ulysses:—

And then he shredded them limb-meal and both for his supper dight.

Mr. Morris does not 'torture one poor word a thousand ways,' but he uses one poor word a thousand times.

Before Telemachus started on his voyage of discovery, he told Penelope's suitors that if he failed to find his father, and only heard of his death, he would raise a funeral mound to his memory. When Telemachus is speaking in fine old English, he makes his meaning clear by saying that if Ulysses is dead he will 'heap up his howe.' This is the way in which Ulysses' hosts on one occasion advised the weary wanderer to go to rest:—

O guest, arouse and go bedward, for the bed is arrayed right meet.

A Teutonic nosegay may be formed from the following scattered flowers gathered at random in this exclusively English garden:—

A fool were he of men-folk, and a worthless wight were he. . . .

Go, loose the guest-folks' steeds. . . .

Yea, fully enough to cover two men, or mayhappen three. . . .

He spake, and all yeasaid him, and egged on his intent. . . .

But a-winter he sleeps in the feast-hall whereto the thrall-folk seek. . . .

What a sham, what an undignified sham it all is! This is not literary English of any date; this is Wardour-Street Early English—a perfectly modern article with a sham appearance of the real antique about it. There is a trade in early furniture as well as in Early English, and one of the well-known tricks of that trade is the production of artificial worm-holes in articles of modern manufacture. The innocent amateur, seeing the seemingly worm-eaten chair or table, is filled with antiquarian joy, and

wonders how so precious a relic of the past can be so exceedingly cheap. So in the Wardour Street of literature. Take whole handfuls of dights and cow-kinds and men-folk; season, according to taste, with howes and mayhappens and smithying-carles: and you have an English literary article which—well, which the professional dealer knows is not in genuine English language of any period at all.

Mr. Morris's example has had a distressing effect on another English scholar and translator of Homer. Mr. A. S. Way has produced what are really very spirited poetical translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but he perpetually spoils his own workmanship and produces vexed irritation in the well-meaning reader by the absurdity of his mock Anglo-Saxonisms. In Mr. Way's English the past tense of chide is chode, nevertheless is nathless, and a jug is a crock (though this last word, by the way, is not Saxon but Celtic). Here servants, if they are women, are stewardess-handmaids; if they are men, they are housecarles and fieldcarles, or henchmen who guard the swine and the beeves, or swine-herd wights, or caitiff swine-herd loons, or oafs, acre-abiding loons. Zeus, as usual, is All-father. Troy is a burg inhabited by Troyfolk. In this strange dialect men-folk are eld-forlorn, or warie wise, or murder-grim, or outworn with grief-stricken eld; cowards are battle-blenchers; birds of prey are fowls of ravin. 'Niddering' is a choice specimen selected from Mr. Way's Teutonic vocabulary:—

King that devourest the folk!—over nidderings rulest thou.

So Achilles once breaks out:—

Goodsooth, and a byword were I for a dastard and niddering.

When Ulysses is preparing to slay the suitors, he exclaims with all the fine vigour of the genuine transpontine drama:—

Ha, but I ween there be none but shall plunge to the netherworld gloom.

This, too, is fine:—

Thou art smitten!—art stabbed through the belly of thee!

'Belly of thee' is good. Here is a battle-piece:—

So he rendeth in frenzy of ravin; in huddled heaps they fall,
Till areek with the slaughter in fury he leapeth the high garth-wall.

Or, if one wishes some quieter Anglo-Saxon :—

Ay, such was *Ætolia's* Tydeus : howbeit the hero's seed
Is worser in fight, how better soever in folk-mote-rede.

Really one might almost fancy oneself in a Sleswick Witan, say in the days of Hengist and Horsa. Could linguistic folly go further?

Most readers are acquainted with the Dorset poems of the late Rev. William Barnes. Few, probably, are aware that the clergyman and poet was also a writer on grammar and logic. Barnes was an enthusiast for the strictly English element in the English language. 'What we want,' he says, 'for the pulpit, as well as for the book, and the platform, for the people, is a pure, homely, strong Saxon-English of English stems, such as would be understood by common English minds and touch English hearts.' Here is a specimen of his own workmanship under these conditions :—

The mindstrength and body worksomeness of the Saxon, which are of great might for good when well spent, need a training in wisdom to keep them from mischief. The Saxon's mind . . . is destructive, and his sprackness wants the guidance of refined thought. . . . Thence it is that seats put out at towns are often wantonly wrenched asunder, that bars and stiles are notched by bearers of an axe, that the guide-post is upset, and coping-stones are pushed off bridge walls, and trees and shrubs are damaged, and the limb sprackness is spent in whittling sticks.

In his English enthusiasm and his desire to get rid of foreign elements from the English language, Barnes suggested that it would be very easy to substitute genuine Saxon words for many of the classical or other foreign words which have found their way into the English vocabulary. Thus, instead of masculine and feminine he would speak of the 'carl sex' and the 'quean sex,' and for neuter would use 'unsexly.' Some of his proposals will be found curious. In the first of the two following columns are some of the foreign words in English; in the second, the pure English expressions by which Barnes proposed to replace them :—

Electricity .	Fire-ghost	Active .	Sprack
Superannuated	Overyeary	Perambulator	Push-wainling
Democracy .	Folkdom	Magnificent	High-deedy
Criticism .	Deemsterhood	Statics .	Weightcraftlore
Botany .	Wortlore	Quadrangle	Fourwinkle
Horizon .	Skyedge	Generations	Child-teams

Telegram . .	Wire-spell	Annals . .	Year-bookings
Altercation .	Brangle	Enthusiasm .	Faith-heat
Haughty . .	Overmindy	Butler . .	Cellar-thane
Omnibus . .	Folkwain	Appendix . .	Hank-matter
Semi-detached		Ambassador .	Statespellman
houses . .	House-twin	Epidemic . .	Manqualm

Barnes even went so far as to write a short treatise on logic, of all subjects in the world, in exclusively English wording. With him logic was rede-craft, and a syllogism was a three-stepped redeship, or a redeship of three thought-puttings. His syllogisms have an exceedingly odd appearance :—

No horned beast is flesh-eatsome ;
 Every dog is flesh-eatsome ;
Therefore, No dog is a horned beast.

Here is another three-stepped redeship :—

Every cow is grass-eatsome ;
 Every cow is two-horned ;
Therefore, Some one two-horned thing is grass eatsome.

Or again :—

Every two-horned beast is cud-chewsome ;
 Every two-horned beast is grass-eatsome ;
Therefore, Some grass-eatsome beast is cud-chewsome.

Or if one, as Mr. Barnes lucidly remarks, ‘wants to bring out an unstrained ayesome upshot, the middle step-end may be the fore-end to the higher step, and hinder-end to the lower step. Call it the “what is it,” and so write the redeship :—

Every ‘what is it’ is cloven-hoofed ;
 Every two-horned beast is ‘what is it’ :
Question : What will do in the stead of ‘what is it’ ?
Answer : Cud-chewsome beast.

Once more :—

Every cud-chewsome beast is cloven-hoofed ;
 Every two-horned beast is cud-chewsome ;
Therefore, Every cloven-hoofed beast is two-horned.

Here surely is a linguistic craze carried to a point of absurdity beyond which it cannot go. Mr. Morris with his howes and his smithying-carles, Mr. Way with his oafs and his niddings, Mr. Barnes with his house-twins and his fourwinkles, show a want of literary sanity, a want of all fineness and delicacy of literary touch,

and a perfectly astounding want of humour. Poems in which guests go bedward to beds that are arrayed right meet, poems in which thrall-folk seek to the feast-hall a-winter, do not belong to any literary centre. They are provincial; they are utterly without distinction; they are unspeakably absurd. Beautiful poetry can be written in local dialects; Mr. Barnes's own Dorsetshire poems are sufficient proof of that. But beautiful poetry cannot be written in a sham and artificial diction, a diction which was never the spoken language of any human being. What mortal man ever spoke of god-folk? But even if such diction were English at all, over-englished English is just as objectionable and affected and artificial as over-latinised English. *The Rambler* is not good and idiomatic English; Mr. Morris's poetical style is not good and idiomatic English. The English language, like everything else, has the defects of its qualities, and an attempt to write a poem of any length in language which shall be almost exclusively English is, by the very nature of the case, destined to inevitable failure. Many years ago Mr. Russel Lowell spoke the words of sense and sanity on this matter. Referring to an unfortunate editor of *Wither*, he said:—

Infected by the absurd cant which has been prevalent for the last dozen years among literary sciolists, he [the unfortunate editor] says: 'The language used by *Wither* in all his various works—whether secular or sacred—is pure Saxon.' Taken literally, this assertion is manifestly ridiculous; and, allowing it every possible limitation, it is not only untrue of *Wither*, but of every English poet, from Chaucer down. The translators of our Bible made use of the German version, and a poet versifying the English Scriptures would therefore be likely to use more words of Teutonic origin than in his original compositions. But no English poet can write English poetry except in English—that is, in that compound of Teutonic and Romanic which derives its heartiness and strength from the one, and its canorous elegance from the other. The Saxon language does not sing, and though its tough mortar serve to hold together the less compact Latin words, porous with vowels, it is to the Latin that our verse owes majesty, harmony, variety, and the capacity for rhyme.

'The Saxon language does not sing.' Neither is sham Saxon a musical and melodious speech.

The Dorset poet once amused himself by throwing a Queen's Speech into Dorset dialect. Of the English of Queen's Speeches the less that is said the better; but if the Lord Chancellor or Mr. Speaker were to deliver one of these solemn pronouncements

in any cockney or county dialect, he would leave upon his hearers the same sense of the grotesque and the undignified which a reader carries away from an author who, instead of using his own language in its richest and truest literary form, takes up a linguistic fad, and, in pursuit of it, makes his work provincial instead of literary. As Barnes's Dorset version is not very accessible, the reader may like to see a few sentences from it:—

(1) My lords and gentlemen,—The satisfaction with which I ordinarily release you from discharging the duties of the Session is, on the present occasion, qualified by a sincere regret that an important part of your labours should have failed to result in a legislative enactment.

The lightheartedness I do mwoistly veel when I do let ye off vrom the business upon your hands in the Sessions, is theise time a little bit damped, owen to a ranklen in my mind, that a goodish lot o' your work vell short o' comen into anything lik laws.

(2) The most friendly intercourse continues to subsist between myself and all foreign Powers.

The very best o' veelens be still a-kept up, in deälens between myself an' all o' the outlandish powers.

(3) Diplomatic relations have been resumed with Mexico, and a preliminary agreement has been signed, providing for the negotiation of a new treaty of commerce and navigation.

Zome deälens have a-been a-took up ageän wi' Mexico, an' we've bwoth a-put our hands to an understanden-like that we'd meäke a new bargain about treäde and seafeären.

(4) I have to lament the failure of the efforts which were made by the European Powers assembled in the recent Conference, to devise means for restoring that equilibrium in the finances of Egypt, which is so important an element in its well-being and good order.

I can't but be ever so zorry that nothén come out o' the doëns o' the Girt Powers o' Europe that put their heads together tother day in the girt talking and tryén to vind out zome wäy o' puttén to rights ageän the money-stock ov Egypt, a thing that do goo so vur towards the well-been and well-dooén o't.

(5) I continue to view with unabated satisfaction the mitigation and diminution of agrarian crime in Ireland, and the substantial improvement in the condition of its people.

I do still zee to my unlesened happiness how yield crimes be a milden'd and a lessen'd in Ireland, and in what a soundly bettered plight be the vo'k.

That is dialect and provincial, and pretends to be nothing else. Poems that talk about howes, and thrall-folk, and eel-grigs, and nidderings are dialect and provincial, and—pretend to be literature.

ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE.

The Queen's Forester.

THEY chose me for my sturdy frame
 That is so tall and strong,
 For my swift step and my sure aim—
 She chose him for his song.
 And sing he doth, and rarely sing,
 And in her eyes revealed
 I know a song a fairer thing
 Than spoils from flood or field.

I hear his song float through the air,
 Melodious and grand—
 I see the light their faces wear,
 But cannot understand.
 Ay, I've the body, he's the soul—
 Yet there's a link between ;
 There is but one commands the whole—
 There only is one Queen.

My face is ruddiest brown ; but white
 His brow, and passing high :
 He warbleth songs 'neath the moon's light—
 Like a tired hound I lie.
 I wish I loved stars more than sleep,
 Songs more than plainest fare—
 I wish my suffering went deep,—
 More deep my gladness were.

And yet, this hard rough peasant hand
 And brain and heart I'd spend,
 If, Poet, I might take my stand
 Beside you at the end,
 Might but the angels point one way,
 And say : 'No bar between—
 Unlike in soul and body they,
 Yet had they both one Queen !'

MAY KENDALL.

The Last of the Costellos.

AFTER several years' service on the staff of a great daily newspaper in San Francisco, Gerald French returned to his home in Ireland to enjoy a three months' vacation. A brief visit, when the time consumed in travelling was deducted, and the young journalist, on this January afternoon, realised that it was nearly over, and that his further stay in the country of his birth was now to be reckoned by days.

He had been spending an hour with his old friend Dr. Lynn, and the clergyman accompanied him to the foot of the Rectory lawn, and thence, through a wicket-gate that opened upon the churchyard, along the narrow path among the graves. It was an obscure little country burying-ground, and very ancient. The grass sprang luxuriant from the mouldering dust of three hundred years; for so long at least had these few acres been consecrated to their present purpose.

'Well, I won't go any further,' said Dr. Lynn, halting at the boundary wall, spanned by a ladder-like flight of wooden steps which connected the churchyard with the little bye-road. 'I'll say good evening, Gerald, and assure you I appreciate your kindness in coming over to see a stupid old man.'

'I would not hear thine enemy say that,' quoted Gerald with a light laugh. 'I hope to spend another day as pleasantly before I turn my back on old Ireland.' He ran up the steps as he spoke and stood on the top of the wall, looking back to wave a last greeting before he descended. Suddenly he stopped.

'What's that?' he asked, pointing down among the graves.

The Rector turned, but the tall grass and taller nettles concealed from him the object, whatever it might be, which Gerald had seen from his temporary elevation.

'It looks like a coffin,' and coming rapidly down again the young man pushed his way through the rank growth. The clergyman followed.

In a little depression between the mounds of two graves lay a plain coffin of stained wood. It was closed, but an attempt to move it showed that it was not empty. A nearer inspection revealed that the lid was not screwed down in the usual manner, but hastily fastened with nails. Dr. Lynn and Gerald looked at each other. There was something mysterious in the presence of this coffin above ground.

'Has there been a funeral—interrupted—or anything of that kind?' asked Gerald.

'Nothing of the sort. I wish Bolan were here. He might have something to say about it.'

Bolan was the sexton. Gerald knew where he lived, within a stone's throw of the spot, and volunteered to fetch him. Dr. Lynn looked all over the sinister black box, but no plate or mark of any kind rewarded his search. Meanwhile, young Ffrench sped along the lower road to Bolan's house.

The sexton was in; just preparing for a smoke in company with the local blacksmith, when Gerald entered with the news of the uncanny discovery in the churchyard. Eleven young Bolans, grouped around the turf fire, drank in the intelligence and instantly scattered to spread the report in eleven different directions. A tale confided to the Bolan household was confided to rumour.

Blacksmith and sexton rose together and accompanied Gerald to the spot where he had left Dr. Lynn, but Dr. Lynn was no longer alone. The Rector had heard steps in the road; it was a constabulary patrol on its round, and the old gentleman's hail had brought two policemen to his side. There they stood, profoundly puzzled and completely in the dark, except for the light given by their bull's-eye lanterns. But the glare of these lanterns had been seen from the road. Some people shunned them, as lights in a graveyard should always be shunned; but others, hearing voices, had suffered their curiosity to overcome their misgivings, and were gathered around, silent, open-mouthed, wondering. So stood the group when Gerald and his companions joined it.

In reply to general questions Bolan was dumb. In reply to particular interrogations he did not hesitate to admit that he was 'clane bate.' Gerald, seeing that no one had ventured to touch the grim casket, hinted that it would be well to open it. There was a dubious murmur from the crowd and a glance at the constables as the visible representatives of the powers that be. The officers tightened their belts and seemed undecided, and Dr.

Lynn took the lead with a clear, distinct order. 'Take off the lid, Andy,' he said.

'An' why not? Isn't his Riverince a magistrate? Go in, Andy, yer sowl ye, and off wid it.' Thus the crowd.

So encouraged, the blacksmith stepped forward. Without much difficulty he burst the insecure fastenings and removed the lid. The constables turned their bull's-eyes on the inside of the coffin. The crowd pressed forward, Gerald in the front rank.

There was an occupant. A young girl, white with the pallor of death, lay under the light of the lanterns. The face was as placid and composed as if she had just fallen asleep, and it was a handsome face with regular features and strongly defined black eyebrows. The form was fully dressed, and the clothes seemed expensive and fashionable. A few raven locks straggled out from beneath a lace scarf which was tied around the head. The hands, crossed below the breast, were neatly gloved. There she lay, a mystery, for not one of those present had ever seen her face before.

Murmurs of wonder and sympathy went up from the bystanders. 'Ah, the poor thing!' 'Isn't she purty?' 'So young, too!' 'Musha, it's the beautiful angel she is be this time.'

'Does anyone know her?' asked the Rector; and then, as there was no reply, he put a question that was destined for many a day to agitate the neighbourhood of Drim, and ring through the length and breadth of Ireland—'How did she come here?'

The investigation made at the moment was unsatisfactory. The grass on all sides had been trampled and pressed down by the curious throng, and such tracks as the coffin bearers had made were completely obliterated. It was clearly a case for the coroner, and when that official arrived and took charge the crowd slowly dispersed.

The inquest furnished no new light. Medical testimony swept away the theory of murder, for death was proved to have resulted from organic disease of the heart. The coffin might have been placed where it was found at any time within thirty-six hours, for it could not be shown that anyone had crossed the churchyard path since the morning previous, and indeed a dozen might have passed that way without noticing that which Gerald had only discovered through the accident of having looked back at the moment that he mounted the wall. Still, it did not seem likely that an object of such size could have lain long unnoticed,

and the doctors were of opinion that the woman had been alive twenty-four hours before her body was found.

In the absence of suspicion of any crime—and the medical examination furnished none—interest centred in the question of identity; and this was sufficiently puzzling.

The story got into the newspapers—into the Dublin papers; afterwards into the great London journals, and was widely discussed under the title of ‘The Drim Churchyard Mystery,’ but all this publicity and a thorough investigation of the few available clues led to nothing. No one was missing; widely distributed photographs of the deceased found no recognition; and the quest was finally abandoned even in the immediate neighbourhood. The unknown dead slept beneath the very sod on which they had found her.

Gerald Ffrench, who, like most good journalists, had a strongly developed detective instinct, alone kept the mystery in mind and worked at it incessantly. He devoted the few remaining days of his stay in Ireland to a patient, systematic inquiry, starting from the clues that had developed at the inquest. He had provided himself with a good photograph of the dead girl, and a minute, carefully written description of her apparel, from the lace scarf which had been wound round her head to the dainty little French boots on her feet. The first examination had produced no result. Railway officials and hotel-keepers, supplied with the photographs, could not say that they had ever seen the original in life. Even the coffin, a cheap, ready-made affair, could be traced to no local dealer in such wares. A chatelaine bag, slung around the waist of the dead girl, had evidently been marked with initials, for the leather showed the holes in which the letters had been fastened, and the traces of the knife employed in their hurried removal. But the pretty feminine trifle was empty now, and in its present condition had nothing to suggest save that a determined effort had been made to hide the identity of the dead. The linen on the corpse was new and of good material, but utterly without mark. Only a handkerchief which was found in the pocket bore a coat of arms exquisitely embroidered on the corner. The shield showed the head and shoulders of a knight with visor closed, party per fess on counter vair. Gerald, whose smattering of heraldry told him so much, could not be sure that the lines of the embroidery properly indicated the colours of the shield; but he was sanguine that a device so unusual would be recognised by the learned in such matters, and, having carefully sketched it, he

sent a copy to the Heralds' College, preserving the original drawing for his own use. The handkerchief itself, with the other things found on the body, was of course beyond his reach.

The answer from the Heralds' College arrived a day or two before the approaching close of his vacation forced Gerald to leave Ireland, but the information furnished served only to make the mystery deeper.

The arms had been readily recognised from his sketch, and the college, in return for his fee, had furnished him with an illuminated drawing, showing that the embroidery had been accurate. The shield was party per fess, argent above, azure below. From this Gerald concluded that the handkerchief had been marked by some one accustomed to blazonries; he thought it likely that the work had been done in a French convent. The motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit*,' appeared below. The bearings and cognizance were those of the noble family of Costello, which had left Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century and had settled in Spain. The last representative had fallen some sixty years ago at the battle of Vittoria, in the Peninsular war, and the name was now extinct. So pronounced the unimpeachable authority of the Heralds' College.

And yet Gerald had seen those very arms embroidered on a handkerchief which had been found in the pocket of a nameless girl, whose corpse he himself had been the first to discover some two weeks before, in the lonely little burying-ground at Drim. What was he to think? Through what strange, undreamed-of ramifications was this affair to be pursued?

The day before his departure, Ffrench walked over to the Rectory to say good-bye to Dr. Lynn. Gerald knew that the Rector was an authority in county history, and thought it possible that the old gentleman could tell him something about the Costellos, a name linked with many a Westmeath tradition. He was not disappointed, and the mystery he was investigating took on a new interest from what he heard. The Costellos had been one of the midland chieftains in Cromwell's time; the clan had offered the most determined resistance, and it had been extirpated root and branch by the Protector. The Ffrench estate of Ballyvore had once formed portion of the Costello property, and had been purchased by Gerald's ancestor from the Cromwellian Puritan to whom it had been granted on confiscation.

The young man was now deeply interested in the inquiry, and to it he devoted every moment of the time he could still call his own.

But the last day of Gerald's visit slipped away without result, and one fine morning Larry, his brother's servant, drove him into Athlone to take the train for Queenstown.

'Ye'll not be lettin' another six years go by without comin' home agen, will ye, sir?' said the groom, who was really concerned at Gerald's departure.

'I don't know,' answered Gerald; 'it all depends. Say, Larry!'

'Sir!'

'Keep an eye out, and if anything turns up about that dead girl, let me know, won't you?' Ffrench had already made a similar request of his brother, but he was determined to leave no chance untried.

'An' are ye thinkin' of that yet, an' you goin' to America?' said Larry with admiring wonder.

'Of course I'm thinking of it. I can't get it out of my head,' replied Gerald impatiently.

'Well, well! d'ye mind that now?' said the groom meditatively. 'Well, sir, if anything does turn up, I'll let ye know, never fear; but sure she's underground now, an' if we'd been goin' to larn anything about the matter, we'd ha' had it long ago.'

Gerald shook hands with the faithful Larry at parting, and left a sovereign in his palm.

The groom watched the train moving slowly out of the station.

'It's a mortal pity to see a fine young jintleman like that so far gone in love with a dead girl.'

This was Larry's comment on his young master's detective tastes.

At Queenstown Ffrench bought a paper and looked over it while the tender was carrying him, in company with many a weeping emigrant, to the great steamer out in the bay. From time to time the journals still contained references to the subject which was uppermost in Gerald's thoughts. The familiar words, 'The Drim Churchyard Mystery,' caught his eye, and he read a brief paragraph, which had nothing to say except that all investigations had failed to throw any light on the strange business.

'Ay, and will fail,' he mused, as the tender came alongside the steamer; 'at any rate, if anything is found out it won't be by me, for I shall be in California, and I can scarcely run across any clues there.'

And yet, as Gerald paced the deck, and watched the bleak

shores of Cork fading in the distance, his thoughts were full of the banished Costellos, and he wondered with what eyes those exiles had looked their last on the Old Head of Kinsale a quarter of a millennium ago. Those fierce old chieftains, to whom the Ffrenches—proud county family as they esteemed themselves—were but as mushrooms; what lives had they lived, what deaths had they died, and how came their haughty cognizance, so well expressing its defiant motto, on the handkerchief of the nameless stranger who slept in Drim churchyard—Drim, the old, old graveyard; Drim that had been fenced in as God's acre in the days of the Costellos themselves! Was it mere chance that had selected this spot as the last resting-place of one who bore the arms of the race? Was it possible the girl had shared the Costello blood?

Gerald glanced over his letter from the Heralds' College and shook his head. The family had been extinct for more than sixty years.

About two months after Gerald's return to California a despatch was received from the *Evening Mail's* regular correspondent in Marysville, relating the particulars of an encounter between the Mexican holders of a large ranch in Yuba County and certain American land-grabbers who had set up a claim to a portion of the estate. The matter was in course of adjudication in the Marysville courts, but the claimants, impatient at the slow process of the law, had endeavoured to seize the disputed land by force. Shots had been fired, blood had been spilled, and the whole affair added nothing to Yuba County's reputation for law and order. The matter created some talk in San Francisco, and the *Evening Mail*, among other papers, expressed its opinion in one of those trenchant personal articles which are the spice of Western journalism. Two or three days later, when the incident had been almost forgotten in the office, the city editor sent for Gerald Ffrench.

'Ffrench,' said that gentleman, as the young man approached his desk, 'I've just received a letter from Don Miguel y—y—something or other. I can't read his whole name, and it don't much matter. It's Vincenza, you know, the owner of that ranch where they had the shooting scrape the other day. He is anxious to make a statement of the matter for publication, and has come down to the Bay on purpose. Suppose you go and see what he has to say? He's staying at the Lick.'

The same morning Gerald sent up his card and was ushered

into the apartment of Don Miguel Vincenza at the Lick House.

The Señor was a young man, not much older than Gerald himself. He had the appearance and manners of a gentleman, as Ffrench quickly discovered, and he spoke fluent, well-chosen English with scarcely a trace of accent, a circumstance for which the interviewer felt he could not be sufficiently grateful.

'Ah, you are from the *Evening Mail*,' said the young Spaniard, rising as Gerald entered; 'most kind of you to come and to come so promptly. Won't you be seated? Try a cigar. No? You'll excuse me if I light a cigarette. I want to make myself clear, and I'm always clearest when I'm in a cloud.' He gave a little laugh, and with one twirl of his slender fingers he converted a morsel of tissue paper and a pinch of tobacco into a compact roll, which he lighted, and exhausted in half a dozen puffs as he spoke.

'This man, this Jenkinson's claim is perfectly preposterous, he began, 'but I won't go into that. The matter is before the courts. What I want to give you is a true statement of that unfortunate affair at the ranch with which, I beg you to believe, I had nothing whatever to do.'

Señor Vincenza's tale might have had the merit of truth; it certainly lacked that of brevity. He talked on, rolling a fresh cigarette at every second sentence, and Gerald made notes of such points as he considered important, but at the conclusion of the Spaniard's statement the journalist could not see that it differed much from the published accounts, and he told the other as much.

'Well, you see,' said Vincenza, 'I am in a delicate position. It is not as if I were acting for myself. I am only my sister's agent—my half-sister's I should say—poor little Catalina;' and the speaker broke off with a sigh and rolled a fresh cigarette before he resumed. 'It's her property, all of it, and I cannot bear to have her misrepresented in any way.'

'I understand,' said Gerald, making a note of the fact. 'The property, I suppose, passed to your sister from——'

'From her father. I was in the land of the living some years before he met and wooed and won my widowed mother. They are both dead now, and Catalina has none but myself to look out for her, except distant relatives on the father's side who will inherit the property if she dies unmarried, and whom she cordially detests.'

Gerald was not particularly romantic, but the idea of this fair

young Spaniard, owner of one of the finest ranches in Yuba County, unmarried, and handsome, too, if she were anything like her brother, inflamed his imagination a little. He shook hands cordially with the young man as he rose to go, and could not help wishing they were better acquainted.

'You may be sure I will publish your statement exactly as you have given it to me, and as fully as possible,' said Gerald. Before the young heiress had been mentioned, the journalist had scarcely seen material enough in the interview for a paragraph.

It is fair to presume that Señor Vincenza was satisfied with the treatment he received in the *Evening Mail*, for a polite note conveyed to French the expression of his thanks. So that incident passed into the limbo of forgetfulness, though Gerald afterwards took more interest in the newspaper paragraphs, often scant enough, which told of the progress of the great land case in the Marysville courts.

A curt despatch, worded with that exasperating brevity which is a peculiarity of all but the most important telegrams, wound up the matter with an announcement that a decision had been reached in favour of the defendant, and that Mr. Isaac Hall, of the law firm of Hall and McGowan, had returned to San Francisco, having conducted the case to a successful issue. Gerald was pleased to hear that the young lady had been sustained in her rights, and determined to interview Mr. Hall, with whom he was well acquainted. Accordingly, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, he managed to catch the busy lawyer with half an hour's spare time on his hands, and well enough disposed to welcome his young friend.

'Mr. Hall,' said Gerald, dropping into the spare chair in the attorney's private room, 'I want to ask you a few questions about that Marysville land case.'

'Fire ahead, my boy; I can give you twenty minutes,' answered the lawyer, who was disposed to make a great deal more of the victory he had won than the newspapers had hitherto done, and who was consequently by no means averse from an interview. 'What do you want to know?'

'Hard fight, wasn't it?' said the journalist.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Hall, 'tough in a way; but we had right on our side as well as possession. A good lawyer ought always to win when he has those; to beat law and facts and everything else is harder scratching; though I've done that too,' and the old gentleman chuckled as if well satisfied with himself.

'That's what your opponents had to do here, I suppose?' remarked Gerald, echoing the other's laugh.

'Pretty much, only they didn't do it,' said the lawyer.

'I met Vincenza when he was down last month,' pursued Gerald. 'He seems a decentish sort of a fellow for a greaser.'

'He's no greaser; he's a pure-blooded Castilian, and very much of the gentleman,' answered Hall.

'So I found him,' said Gerald. 'I only used the "Greaser" as a generic term. He talks English as well as I do.'

'That's a great compliment from an Irishman,' remarked Mr. Hall with another chuckle.

'I suppose the sister's just as nice in her own way,' went on Gerald, seeing an opportunity to satisfy a certain curiosity he had felt about the heiress since he first heard of her existence. 'Did she make a good witness?'

'Who? What sister? What the deuce are you talking about?' asked the lawyer.

'Why, Vincenza's sister, half-sister, whatever she is. I understood from him that she was the real owner of the property.'

'Oh, ay, to be sure,' said Mr. Hall slowly; 'these details escape one. Vincenza was my client; he acts for the girl under power of attorney, and really her name has hardly come up since the very beginning of the case.'

'You didn't see her, then?' said Gerald, conscious of a vague sense of disappointment.

'See her?' repeated the lawyer. 'No; how could I? She's in Europe for educational advantages—at a convent somewhere, I believe.'

'Oh,' said Gerald, 'a child is she? I had fancied, I don't know why, that she was a grown-up young lady.'

'I couldn't tell you what her age is, but it must be over twenty-one or she couldn't have executed the power of attorney, and that was looked into at the start and found quite regular.'

'I see,' replied Gerald slowly; but the topic had started Mr. Hall on a fresh trail, and he broke in—

'And it was the only thing in order in the whole business. Do you know we came within an ace of losing, all through their confounded careless way of keeping their papers?'

'How did they keep them?' inquired Gerald listlessly. The suit appeared to be a commonplace one, and the young man's interest began to wane.

'They didn't keep them at all,' exclaimed Mr. Hall indig-

nantly. 'Fancy, the original deed—the old Spanish grant—the very keystone of our case, was not to be found till the last moment, and then only by the merest accident, and where do you suppose it was?'

'I haven't an idea,' answered Gerald, stifling a yawn.

'At the back of an old print of the Madonna. It had been framed and hung up as an ornament, I suppose, Heaven knows when; and by-and-by some smart Aleck came along and thought the mother and child superior as a work of art and slapped it into the frame over the deed, and there it has hung for ten years anyhow.'

'That's really very curious,' said Gerald, whose attention began to revive as he saw a possible column to be compiled on the details of the case that had seemed so uninteresting to his contemporaries.

'Curious! I call it sinful—positively wicked,' said the old gentleman wrathfully. 'Just fancy two hundred thousand dollars hanging on the accident of finding a parchment in such a place as that.'

'How did you happen to find it?' asked Gerald. 'I should never have thought of looking for it there.'

'No; nor any other sane man,' sputtered the lawyer, irritated as he recalled the anxiety the missing deed had caused him. 'It was found by accident, I tell you. Some blundering, awkward, heaven-guided servant knocked the picture down and broke the frame. The Madonna was removed, and the missing paper came to light.'

'And that was the turning-point of the case. Very interesting indeed,' said Gerald, who saw in the working out of this legal romance a bit of detective writing such as his soul loved. 'I suppose they'll have sense enough to put it in a safer place next time?'

'I will, you may bet your life. I've taken charge of all the family documents; and if they get away from me, they'll do something that nothing's ever done before;' and the old lawyer chuckled with renewed satisfaction as he pointed to the massive safe in a corner of the office.

'So the deed is there, is it?' asked Gerald, following Mr. Hall's eyes.

'Yes, it's there. A curious old document too; one of the oldest grants I have ever come across. Would you like to see it?' and the lawyer rose and opened the safe.

It was a curious old document, drawn up in curious old Spanish, on an old discoloured piece of parchment. The body of the instrument was unintelligible to Ffrench, but down in one corner was something that riveted his attention in a moment and seemed to make his heart stand still.

There was a signature in old-fashioned, angular handwriting, Rodriguez Costello y Ugarte, and opposite to it a large spreading seal. The impression showed a knight's head and shoulders in full armour, below it the motto, 'Nemo me impune lacessit,' and a shield of arms, party per fess, azure below, argent above, counter vair on the argent. Point for point the identical blazonry which Ffrench had received from the Heralds' College in England—the shield that he had first seen embroidered on the dead girl's handkerchief at Drim.

'What's the matter with you? Didn't you ever see an old Spanish deed before, or has it any of the properties of Medusa's head?' inquired Mr. Hall, noticing Gerald's start of amazement and intent scrutiny of the seal.

'I've seen these arms before,' said the young man slowly. 'But the name——' He placed his finger on the signature. 'Of course I knew Vincenza's name must be different from his half-sister's; but is that hers?'

'Ugarte? Yes,' said the lawyer, glancing at the parchment.

'I mean the whole name,' and Gerald pointed again.

'Costello!' Mr. Hall gave the word its Spanish pronunciation, 'Costelyo,' and it sounded strange and foreign in the young man's ears. 'Costello, yes, I suppose so; but I don't try to keep track of more of these Spaniards' titles than is absolutely necessary.'

'But Costello is an Irish name,' said Gerald.

'Is it? You ought to know. Well, Costelyo is Spanish; and now, my dear boy, I must positively turn you out.'

Gerald went straight home without returning to the office. He unlocked his desk, and took from it the two results of his first essay in detective craft. Silently he laid them side by side and scrutinised each closely in turn. The pale, set face of the beautiful dead, as reproduced by the photographer's art, told him nothing. He strove to trace some resemblance, to awaken some memory, by long gazing at the passionless features, but it was in vain. Then he turned to the illuminated shield. Every line was familiar to him, and a glance sufficed. It was identical in all respects with the arms on the seal. Of this he had been already

convinced, and his recollection had not betrayed him. Then he placed the two—the piteous photograph and the proud blazonry—in his pocket-book, and left the room. The same evening he took his place on the Sacramento train *en route* for Marysville.

When Gerald reached San Luis, the post-office address of the Ugarte ranch, a disappointment awaited him. Evening was falling, and inquiry elicited the fact that Don Vincenza's residence was still twelve miles distant. Ffrench, after his drive of eighteen miles over the dusty road from Marysville, was little inclined to go further, so he put up his horse at a livery stable, resolved to make the best of such accommodations as San Luis afforded.

The face of the man who took the reins when Ffrench alighted seemed familiar. The young fellow looked closer at him, and it was evident the recognition was mutual, for the stableman accosted him by name, and in the broad, familiar dialect of Western Leinster.

'May I niver ate another bit if it isn't Masther Gerald Ffrench!' he said. 'Well, well, well, but it's good for sore eyes to see ye. Come out here, Steve, an' take the team. Jump down, Masther Gerald, an' stretch yer legs a bit. It's kilt ye are entirely.'

A swarthy little Mexican appeared, and led the tired horses into the stable. Then the young journalist took a good look at the man who seemed to know him so well, and endeavoured, as the phrase goes, to 'place him.'

'Ye don't mind me, yer honour, an' how wud ye? But I mind yersilf well. Sure it's often I've druv ye and Mr. Edward too. I used to wurruk for Mr. Ross of Mullingar. I was Denny the post-boy—Denis Driscoll, yer honour; sure ye must know me?'

'Oh yes, to be sure—I remember,' said Gerald, as recollection slowly dawned upon him. But who'd have thought of finding you in a place like this? I didn't even know you'd left Ross's stables.'

'Six, sivin months ago, yer honour.'

'And have you been here ever since? I hope you are doing well,' said Gerald.

'Iver since, sor, an' doin' finely, wid the blessin' o' God. I own that place,' pointing to the stable, 'an' four as good turnouts as ye'd ax to sit behind.'

'I'm glad of it,' said Gerald heartily. 'I like to hear of the boys from the old neighbourhood doing well.'

'Won't ye step inside, sor, an' thry a drop of something? Ye must be choked intirely wid the dust.'

'I don't care if I do,' answered Gerald. 'I feel pretty much as if I'd swallowed a limekiln.'

A minute later the two were seated in Denny's own particular room, where Gerald washed the dust from his throat with some capital bottled beer, while his host paid attention to a large demijohn which contained, as he informed the journalist in an impressive whisper, 'close on to a gallon of the raal ould stuff.'

Their conversation extended far into the night; but long before they separated Gerald induced Denny to despatch his Mexican helper, on a good mustang, to the Ugarte ranch, bearing to Señor Vincenza Mr. Ffrench's card, on which were pencilled the words: 'Please come over to San Luis as soon as possible. Most important business.'

For the tale told by the ex-postboy, his change of residence and present prosperity, seemed to throw a curious light on the Drim churchyard mystery.

Señor Vincenza appeared the following morning just as Gerald had finished breakfast. The ranchero remembered the representative of the *Evening Mail* and greeted him cordially, expressing his surprise at Gerald's presence in that part of the country. The Spaniard evidently imagined that this unexpected visit had some bearing on the recently decided lawsuit, but the other's first words dispelled the illusion.

'Señor Vincenza,' Ffrench said, 'I have heard a very strange story about your sister, and I have come to ask you for an explanation of it.'

The young Spaniard changed colour and looked uneasily at the journalist.

'What do you mean?' he asked. 'I do not understand you. My sister is in Europe.'

'Yes,' answered Gerald, 'she is in Europe—in Ireland. She fills a nameless grave in Drim churchyard.'

Vincenza leaped to his feet, and the cigarette he had lighted dropped from his fingers. They were in Gerald's room at the hotel, and the young man had placed his visitor so that the table was between them. He suspected that he might have to deal with a desperate man. Vincenza leaned over the narrow table, and his breath blew hot in Ffrench's face as he hissed, 'Carrambo! What do you mean? How much do you know?'

'I know everything. I know how she died in the carriage on

your way from Mullingar; how you purchased a coffin and bribed the undertaker to silence; how you laid her, in the dead of night, among the weeds in the graveyard; how you cut her name from the chatelaine bag, and did all in your power to hide her identity, even carrying off with you the postboy who drove you and aided you to place her where she was found. Do you recognise that photograph? Have you ever seen that coat-of-arms before?' and Ffrench drew the two cards from his pocket and offered them to Vincenza.

The Spaniard brushed them impatiently aside and crouched for a moment as if to spring. Gerald never took his eyes off him, and presently the other straightened up, and, sinking into the chair behind him, attempted to roll a cigarette. But his hand trembled, and half the tobacco was spilled on the floor.

'You know a great deal, Mr. Gerald Ffrench. Do you accuse me of my sister's murder?'

'No,' answered Gerald. 'She died from natural causes. But I do accuse you of fraudulently withholding this property from its rightful owners and of acting on a power of attorney which has been cancelled by the death of the giver.'

There was a moment's silence, broken only by a muttered oath from Vincenza as he threw the unfinished cigarette to the ground, and began to roll another, this time with better success. It was not till it was fairly alight that he spoke again.

'Listen to me, young man,' he said, 'and then judge me as you hope to be judged hereafter—with mercy. My sister was very dear to me; I loved her, O God, how I loved her!' His voice broke, and Gerald, recalling certain details of Denny's narrative, felt that the Spaniard was speaking the truth. It was nearly a minute before Vincenza recovered his self-command and resumed.

'Yes, we were very dear to each other; brought up as brother and sister, how could we fail to be? But her father never liked me, and he placed restrictions upon the fortune he left her so that it could never come to me. My mother—our mother—had died some years before. Well, Catalina was wealthy; I was a pauper, but that made no difference while she lived. We were as happy and fond a brother and sister as the sun ever shone upon. When she came of age she executed the power of attorney that gave me the charge of her estate. She was anxious to spend a few years in Europe. I was to take her over, and after we had travelled a little she was to go to a convent in France and spend

some time there while I returned home. But she was one of the old Costellos, and she was anxious to visit the ancient home of her race. That was what brought us to Ireland.'

'I thought the Costello family was extinct,' said Gerald.

'The European branch has been extinct since 1813, when Don Lopez Costello fell at Vittoria; but the younger branch, which settled in Mexico towards the end of the eighteenth century, survived until a few months ago—until Catalina's death, in fact, for she was the last of the Costellos.'

'I see,' said Gerald; 'go on.'

'She was very proud of the name, poor Catalina, and she made me promise in case anything happened to her while we were abroad that she should be laid in the ancient grave of her race—in the churchyard of Drim. She had a weak heart, and she knew that she might die suddenly. I promised. And it was on our way to the spot she was so anxious to visit that death claimed her, only a few miles from the place where her ancestors had lived in the old days, and where all that remains of them has long mouldered to dust. So you see, Mr. Ffrench, that I had no choice but to lay her there.'

'That is not the point,' said Gerald; 'why this secrecy? Why this flight? Dr. Lynn, I am sure, would have enabled you to obey your sister's request in the full light of day; you need not have thrown her coffin on the ground and left to strangers the task of doing for the poor girl the last duties of civilisation.' Gerald spoke with indignant heat, for this looked to him like the cruellest desertion.

'I know how it must seem to you,' said Vincenza, 'and I have no excuse to offer for my conduct but this. My sister's death would have given all she possessed to people whom she disliked. It would have thrown me, whom she loved, penniless on the world. I acted as if she were still living, and as I am sure she would have wished me to act; no defence, I know, in your eyes, but consider the temptation.'

'And did you not realise that all this must come out some day?' asked Ffrench.

'Yes, but not for several years. Indeed, I cannot imagine how it is you have stumbled on the truth.'

And Gerald, remembering the extraordinary chain of circumstances which had led him to the root of the mystery, could not but acknowledge that, humanly speaking, Vincenza's confidence was justified.

'And now you have found this out, what use do you intend to make of it?' asked the Spaniard after a pause.

'I shall publish the whole story as soon as I return to San Francisco,' answered Gerald promptly.

'So, for a few hundred dollars, which is all that you can possibly get out of it, you will make a beggar of me.'

'Right is right,' said the young Irishman. 'This property does not belong to you!'

'Will you hold your tongue—or your pen—for fifty thousand dollars?' asked the Spaniard eagerly.

'No, nor for every dollar you have in the world. I don't approve your practice and I won't share your plunder. I am sorry for you personally, but I can't help that. I won't oust you. I will make such use of the story as any newspaper man would make, and so I give you fair warning. You may save yourself if you can.'

'Then you do not intend to communicate with the heirs?' began Vincenza eagerly.

'I neither know nor care who they are,' interrupted Gerald. 'I am not a detective, save in the way of my profession, and I shall certainly not tell what I have discovered to any individual till I give it to the press.'

'And that will be?' asked the Spaniard.

'As soon as I return to San Francisco,' answered Ffrench. 'It may appear in a week or ten days.'

'Thank you, Señor; good morning,' said Vincenza, rising and leaving the room.

Three days later Señor Miguel Vincenza sailed on the outgoing Pacific mail steamer bound for Japan and China. He probably took a considerable sum of money with him, for the heirs of Catalina Costello y Ugarte found the affairs of the deceased in a very tangled state, and the ranch was mortgaged for nearly half its value.

Gerald Ffrench's story occupied four pages of the next issue of the *Golden Fleece*, and was widely copied and commented on over two continents. Larry, the groom at Ballyvore, read the account in his favourite Westmeath *Sentinel*, and as he laid the paper down exclaimed in wonder:

'Begob, he found her!'

GEORGE H. JESSOP.

That Longest Day.

WE have had quite enough of this, and must depart. It has all been most interesting. The Bishop's opening address was admirable: very benignant, very wise, and dignified without being donnish. A good many years of use have enabled him to hit the thing off to perfection, both in matter and manner.

There have been many other speeches, not one of them wholly stupid. The subject of discussion did not much come home to one who has seen it settled elsewhere long ago, in consonance with common sense. But it was pleasant to hear it treated by many cultivated men, some of whom did not regard it from that peculiar point of view, but rather from one absolutely opposed to it. Some of the speeches were distinctly crotchety. But here is the weakness of all deliberative assemblies: and it is well that a crotchety man should have opportunity to speak out his mind, and discover that his views are exceptional. Whoever has had to deal, for many years, with many hundreds of his fellow creatures, has learnt that there must needs be the percentage of crotchety and even of cantankerous souls. God be thanked, it is not a very large one. And the wise man tries to make the best of crooked sticks. Good service may be got out of even these.

It is a Diocesan Conference: and, so far, it has been managed with consummate tact. No doubt it will be so managed to the end. Of all places, it is sitting in Gravesend: a town which somehow one does not associate with such a function: and unseen by the present writer for thirty years. On this gloomy and rainy twenty-first of June he has passed the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent, with thoughts of Mr. Tupman; and through a somewhat tame and disappointing landscape approached Windmill Hill, known of old to the Cockney. No more remarkable Longest Day has dawned upon some folk. But a Longest Day without sunshine is a sensible disappointment to one who must needs think he cannot see many more,

Before quitting this handsome hall one casts a last look on the assemblage. About three hundred. And in these days of terribly low prices of all agricultural produce, no one so placed as the writer of this page can look upon a gathering of the clergy, without thinking of much anxious care, borne with little complaint, by husband and wife under the roof of many a country parsonage, ivy-clad or rose-entwined. These last have been heavy years. To bring the income down by half, while expenses tend ever to grow, is tragic. And the sordid tragedy of modern life is incomparably a worse thing than the heroic tragedy of chivalrous times. It is a sorrowful thing to see the lines deepen, year by year, on the sweet young face of the wife: to mark intellectual and moral deterioration in the once zealous and hopeful country parson. Try, young brothers, to put your real life into your sermons: then your cares will make them ever more helpful to people a little worn and weary like yourselves. That which holds you up under what would beat you: that which keeps the nature sweet amid much which might embitter it: may serve another too. I speak as to men who can understand. You know I do not mean (though some spiteful and stupid souls might say so) that you are to preach about yourselves.

There are indeed a few men here who have a provoking air of prosperity. They are remarkably well dressed: their raiment fits beautifully, and it is nearly new. But it is not that. It is the smooth and plump face, whereon is plainly written a famous (and extremely heartless) opinion of Paley: *It is a happy world after all*. Though quite beyond middle age, they have abundance of hair, and it is brushed with an appearance of entire self-satisfaction, provocative to many. It was while gazing upon the head of a good Archbishop, gone, that I first fully understood the meaning of *the aggerawator curl*. The phrase, I know, is peculiar to the London pickpocket: but I confess that those curls did aggravate me. And the voices of these prosperous men, when lifted up in argument, had a certain rich, full, round, oleaginous and pursy character. But for the fact that the writer knew several of them well, and liked them very much, he would have disliked them extremely. Which shows how unfair it is to judge from appearances. And he wore, habitually, a very sorrowful face, who writing a little memoir of his wife said, incidentally and as though naming a common case, that he and she were 'always in the enjoyment of ample means.' Is it so with one in a million, in this anxious age? I fancy that an instant reflection, following

that calm statement, in the mind of many here present, might be set forth in the unenvious words, 'How unlike me!'

They are kindly and hospitable people, hereabout: and though we (who number two) go out into the rain, seeking the railway station with the purpose of finding refreshment where Mr. Pickwick and his idiotic friends found it, it was not for want of a pleasant invitation to abide here. But one desired to see his little boy, at school in the quaintest and strangest of ancient houses in the city which Dickens called *Cloisterham*. The name sounds well: though it is by no means so felicitous as that under which a wag-gish lawyer introduced a great distiller at a Polish ball: it was *Count Caskowsky*. The other pilgrim, whose home was much farther away, wished to pass, for a space, into an atmosphere pervaded by the personality of the over-sensitive genius who departed from his Kentish home so hastily on a bright June day: Kent, to him, being as Tweedside to our own Sir Walter. There are illusions which abide to the last. They are very few, but we should break down if they failed us. Away from the uninviting station: might not something less squalid be provided at small cost? Soon, the sides of the deep cuttings blaze with red flowers: and here is Higham. Yes, this is *Higham, by Rochester, Kent*: very familiar the words once were in eyes which presumably have not seen them for long: as many old faces of things and people which we often look at were to some we used to know. Since one read the Biography, and since one came to read the books with eyes no longer young, the old glamour is abated: yet not many more interesting personalities have come within observation. The manifest weaknesses do not make the personality less interesting. Here his little carriage waited: and his large dogs: Gad's Hill is hard by. But that was visited on a bright day of a departed summer; and we hold on. A dark tunnel, where the railway has displaced the canal. Here is Strood, and we stop. It is not an attractive street on which we enter: but it leads us to where Rochester Bridge spans the broad Medway. There rises the Castle, magnificent in ruin. But a few steps farther on, is the Cathedral: small among the greatest Cathedrals of England, and with a modern tower which is unworthy of its place; yet a great church of profound interest and extreme beauty: magnificent is the word which comes natural to one who lives where I do. And then the number of people one knows in Rochester, though with but one solitary acquaintance in the place: the crowd of associations which cluster about the quaint and delightful city! *Edwin Drood* would of

itself make it homelike: though *Edwin Drood* shows startling ignorance as well as intimate knowledge. Then there is *Great Expectations*: all about this town and the extraordinary marsh country near. It was upon these flags, no doubt still the same, that Trabb's Boy walked proudly by, as he exclaimed 'Don't know yah, don't know yah, 'pon my soul don't know yah!' *Pickwick* shall not be further named: save to say that surely the delight with which multitudes have read the preposterous and amorphous story, came of the manifest high enjoyment with which it was written. Long ago, in the year wherein the writer took his degree, there was but one evening in the week on which the refreshment of light reading was permitted: the evening was Saturday, the work *The Pickwick Papers*. Over and over again the pages were read: the more tragic being generally eschewed: but the pleasant pictures of English country scenes and country life were as cool water to one strayed on the hot Sahara. Dickens is not now what he was then; any more than are other things innumerable. One must needs be hopeful to enjoy any book with that old zest. But the old time is remembered, gratefully.

Nothing shall be said of our entertainment in the famous hotel. It was simple, but extremely good. An arbitrary commercial traveller sat by himself at one end of the table, and addressed the waiter in strident and commanding tones. Could anything induce the writer to accost a fellow-creature in that fashion? It appears the resultant rather of thickness of skin than of inordinate self-confidence. The apartment was disappointing. Considering how much one has read about it, it ought not to have looked so much like any other. It was small: it was shabby. Yet that is the fireplace before which Pip and Drummle stood shoulder to shoulder, each ignoring the other's presence: and through that window Pip looked with a broken heart; and Mr. Pickwick in cheery perplexity, his idiot friends standing by. All places of which one has heard much, and all people, when actually beheld, tend to the question *Is this all?* Such, dear Dean Stanley told, were the words of one known to him at first sight of the sea. And, just a day gone, one told the writer that he was disappointed in the Pass of Killiecrankie. I have passed through the Trosachs in talk with a stranger who stated that he had seen something much finer. I had said little to him: but after that I said no more.

Now that old-fashioned street, once traversed by the bewildered David Copperfield. Here is the dwelling, which affords a night's shelter to poor travellers, not being rogues, or proctors. There

are no proctors now: but the Founder, long ago, had doubtless suffered from such. Here is Eastgate House. Modern art appears to have helped the charming old edifice. Here is Restoration House. Antique peace rests on that ivy-grown front, on those quaint windows and chimneys. You enter in, and staircases and passages and wainscoted chambers carry you centuries away. There are human beings who fancy (of course it is a vain fancy) that might they but fly away to such a home, they would be at rest from a weary world, whose burden is beyond heart or strength, and where things in general tend to be gritty.

But we enter the sacred Precinct, looking with interest at this house and that, once inhabited or still inhabited by laborious scholar and divine. *Edwin Drood* gives you, if you read deliberately and carefully, the feeling of the place. By venerable walls; by bright windows gay with flowers; by masses of ivy; by bits of green turf, very green to-day through the recent rain which has now ceased; we come to the west front of the Cathedral of St. Andrew. As we enter by a little side door, and are in the Norman nave, a hush falls. It was long since the writer was in an Anglican Cathedral last. And some folk feel, deeply, the genius of the grand house of prayer. The church is exactly as one remembered it; neither bigger nor less, neither fairer nor less fair. And one's heart is lifted up, the heart of one appointed to abide where these things are not, by all the surroundings here. No doubt, had one spent one's days in such a place, and known the human pettinesses which mar both God's work and man's, the mystic charm might, through years, have worn away. I do not think it ever would. But here experiment was impossible: the thing was not to be. Far hence the work must be done, while strength for work abides at all. And here and there, amid those distant scenes (which have their charm and consecration too), the soul may be found (perhaps one should say the body) that will abuse the writer for confessing how beautiful and touching things may be, here on the sunshiny side of the wall. Very despicable creatures are numbered among humankind. And the writer has never concealed his contempt for them.

Such beings, and their petty hatreds and envyings, pass quite away here. Let us quietly take in that we are here; under that roof; on this sacred ground. It is specially pleasant to be here. Yet there gradually presses itself upon an eye, not wholly uninstructed, the sense that something remains to be done to the Nave. This is not a day for architectural details; and these interest but few. The Choir is perfect. And as we draw near the massive screen

which parts it from the Nave, we find, seated solemnly on a chair in the Transept, a venerable verger who approaches perfection too. For fifty years his life has been lived here. The quietness and sweetness of the place have given themselves to that kindly intelligent white-haired old man. First, a boy in the choir; but for forty years his work has been what it is to-day.

The side-aisles are quite walled off from the centre-alley of the Choir. But there is a Choir-Transept. East of it is set the pulpit: west of it, under a pointed canopy, the Bishop's Throne. Looking eastwards, the altar-end of the church is fine. Three lancet windows above, three below, of rich stained glass. The writer, as is his way, ascended the pulpit, and thence surveyed the place. It is impossible (an Act of Parliament makes it so) that he should ever preach from that pulpit. The law may perhaps be changed in time, but not in my time. Next to the Throne: lean upon the side, and look at it, and wish all good to him whose right it is to sit there. Some like to sit down on dignified *sedilia*: there was a man who once slept a summer night through in the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey. The writer, in these latter days, shrinks from going where he has no business to be. The only exception is a Cathedral pulpit. And his transient presence therein can do no harm.

Did Dickens come much about the Cathedral? Yes, was the reply: a good deal. He had to know it thoroughly, for *Edwin Drood*. The last lines he ever wrote (save certain business letters) were a description of Rochester Cathedral, and its worship on a bright June day. It is the fashion to say that Dickens was minutely accurate. I never can think him so, since I read his awful attempts to represent Lowland Scotch: attempts which have eventuated in a dialect unknown to Scotland, and indeed unknown to articulate man: likewise his accounts of conversation with the great Edinburgh surgeon, Professor Syme. I have heard Syme talk, upon many occasions: his speech bore not the remotest resemblance to that which Dickens puts in his mouth. The pathetic and humorous genius was a reckless caricaturist. And his descriptions of places which I know, and of scenes at which I was present, are the most extravagant exaggerations and perversions of the fact.

The Precinct and the Cathedral are well described, though not sympathetically. And one must love a great church, to put it worthily before a reader. But the great writer's descriptions of the services are terrible. The ignorance shown is quite beyond words. I do not go into details, for these would be wearisome to

most. One may suffice. The villain Jasper was evidently the chief Tenor in the choir: and Dickens mentions, as the ordinary use, that when the surpliced train entered, Jasper came 'leading their line.' No choir ever entered in *line*: of course they come two and two. But this is a small matter. It was pleasant to remark the deep contempt of the fine old Verger when he was asked whether in Rochester Cathedral the leading Tenor came in procession leading the Choir. 'Never here; and never in any Cathedral on earth.' One would have said that any observant person who had been once in such a church would have known that the boys come first. Further, from the last lines ever written of *Edwin Drood*, it appears that the early morning service, on an ordinary day, was full choral. A very exceptional incident if it ever occurred at all. There is no need to go into the question how a consummate blackguard could have continued for a lengthened period to hold prominent office in a Cathedral Choir. The eminent Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle, for years Dean of Ely, and enthusiastic in the charge of his magnificent church and glorious worship, bursts out (in print) upon this point with indignation and derision entirely akin to the feeling of the whitehaired expert at Rochester. In truth, the services described in *Edwin Drood* are just as like the fact, as the vile caricatures in the Biography are to the actual language of grand old Professor Syme.

The day is waning, though it be the Longest Day. The writer never can think of it without recalling Wordsworth's most beautiful and touching poem. But Wordsworth's Longest Day was one of blazing light and glowing warmth: these in ever excessive glory: so that *all who breathed* were thankful when night fall abated their sway. It is very different now. The rain has ceased: but there is no blue at all in that heavy sky. Very unwillingly the Cathedral has been left behind. The stillness and beauty abide: they will be there when we are far away: but when shall we be here again? Well, may others be helped by them when we shall need help too. Good-bye to the kind and intelligent Verger: he has the very best wishes of an unknown friend. And now we are still to follow in the footsteps of Dickens. For, after all deduction, there is a charm to some about scenes where his step has been, and which he loved. Through Cobham Woods: all readers of the *Life* know what these were to him. And to the present writer they are *fresh woods and pastures new*: more than once seen from afar, but till now untrudged. Could one believe that so near to great London, so close to Cockney Gravesend, there could be so vast a tract of lonely woodland? The extent is immensely

greater than anticipation: the trees are glorious, copse and green path and forest monarch alone in his pride, startled deer and the lovely House, the very ideal of a princely English home. There is no special uplifting to the wayfarer in the streets of Strood: and when we pass from these, and enter upon the fields, the chalky paths are slippery and the way is uphill: the first thought was *Now we are to be disappointed, as often before.* It was not so. The five miles were tiring. The heat became too much. But the great trees soothed and cheered; and the touching associations with the genius who went at fifty-eight. He was to have walked in these woods that evening he was stricken down. And among them, near the Hall, the Châlet has been placed which Fechter gave him: which stood in the little wilderness at Gad's Hill approached through that ugly tunnel: and wherein he wrote, with the June sunshine and scents and birds about him, all that morning and afternoon which were the last in which he knew Kent. Not a word of the Hall; though words might be very many. The writer never will enter a great house unless he knows the people who inhabit it: from that rule he varies not in this life. And when friendly circumstances make one free to enter, the story will not be written of what is found there. But here is the Châlet: altogether a bigger and more substantial erection than expectation. Climb up into the spacious chamber wherein, in the bodily and spiritual solitude needful to the agony of composition, those last hours passed over. What thousands waited with interest for all that came from that pen! And how little real good it did the care-lined driver of it! Let it be confessed: not for long have I been in a nook of this sorrowful world which touched me more deeply. One does not talk, now, of looking on a spot, or thinking of an incident, not without a tear. The pathos, indeed, of the homely event in the little life is infinite. But, quite lately, when something was said in the presence of a great man of how another man still greater sobbed audibly when a brief story was told him, the calmly-cynical observation followed, *I suppose he was intoxicated.* I was able to testify that he was not. But I once heard the true genius Guthrie say, very bitterly, *There are people who can't imagine a man doing a generous act or showing deep feeling, unless he is drunk.* I think a very brief sentence followed, taken from the Decrees of Trent.

So passed That Longest Day.

A. K. H. B.

Reminiscences of the Lakes in 1844.

MY first introduction to the Lake Country was in the summer of 1844. It was my first Long Vacation after taking my B.A. degree at Oxford. Two pupils and my brother Spencer, then a boy at Rugby, were to join me at Grasmere and form a reading party. We had secured some excellent lodgings at the house of Mr. John Green, which had only been opened to Long Vacation parties the year before. My pupils were Montagu Bere, of Balliol, son of a distinguished lawyer, and himself eminent in the same profession; George Robertson, of Exeter College, son of an eminent M.D. of Northampton, and my brother Spencer, the only survivor of the three. I had the advantage of several introductions, viz., to the poet Wordsworth from his nephew Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, then head-master of Harrow, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln; to Mr. Harrison, of Green Bank, Ambleside; and to Mrs. Arnold and her family, at Fox How. Hartley Coleridge was an intimate friend of the Greens, at whose house we were staying, and through them we soon made his acquaintance. Also we had several Oxford friends settled down for purposes of study in the neighbourhood—E. H. Plumptre, of University College, who had just taken a double first; two Brasenose men, named Irby and Harris, both very conversable and pleasant companions, at the Dove's Nest, above Low Wood, Windermere; A. H. Clough and Theodore Walrond, at Patterdale; and Scott, of Trinity, Oxford, at Grasmere. Mr. Bonamy Price was staying at Ambleside with his wife and brother-in-law, the late Mr. Edward Rose, afterwards Vicar of Weybridge, with whom I had a memorable adventure. Matthew Arnold and his younger brothers were at Fox How, so that, although we came into a new country, we had the prospect before us of seeing some noteworthy people, and enjoying rambles and scrambles among the mountains in good company.

The quiet vale of Grasmere was then occupied by few residents, and there was no hotel—only a couple of old-fashioned

inns, the Red Lion and the Swan. Mr. Green's house was near the lake, a solid building with a small garden round it. There was a family boat upon the lake, which it was necessary to row through a wilderness of reeds which covered the shallow end of the lake. For the purpose of bathing it was necessary to put to shore, where a small stream ran into the lake, which became rapidly deep.

When my companions arrived, and we settled down to work, a morning header or swim in the lake was a regular institution. A little spaniel named Chloë was the constant companion of our bathes and walks, and many a chase after coot had Chloë, who in her turn had to submit to being chased by us in the open lake.

The hills and dales round Grasmere are very inviting to pedestrians. Without the romantic beauty of Derwentwater or Buttermere, or the grandeur of Ullswater or Windermere, Grasmere and Rydal have attractions of their own. They lie in the midst of grander scenery, and are eminently suited for excursions on foot or horseback, and also for more permanent residence. It was this latter quality which led the poet Wordsworth to choose Rydal Mount for his home. From his own garden he enjoyed a beautiful and homelike view, and his intimate knowledge of the Lake District enabled him to direct visitors who had the privilege of his acquaintance to make the best use of their time and opportunities in visiting parts of the country which were not mentioned in the guide-books, and consequently were less well-known to ordinary excursionists.

I took an early opportunity of calling on the poet, and found him at home. I had made his acquaintance some years previously when he was on a visit to his nephew, then head-master of Harrow.

That evening there was no one but the family party. Mrs. Wordsworth and Mrs. Quillinan presided at the tea-table, and a stroll in the garden to see a fine sunset concluded a memorable evening, brightened by the assurance of welcome whenever I was able to visit the Mount and consult its venerable occupant about the best way of seeing places already known to me from the 'Excursion.'

Apropos of evenings spent at Rydal Mount, I must mention a story told me by my cousin, T. D. H. Battersby, who was entertained in 1843, together with J. Campbell Shairp, by Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth—their old friend, Mr. Crabb Robinson, being a visitor in the house. After tea, conversation took the form of a dialogue between the two old gentlemen, each sitting in an arm-

chair by the fireside. After the poet had talked for about twenty minutes Mr. Robinson woke up, refreshed by a nap, and 'took up the wondrous tale' for the space of twenty minutes, while the poet slept. In this way the evening passed, till it was time for the young Oxonians to return to Grasmere. In his criticisms on Wordsworth's poetry I know not whether Professor Shairp ever alluded to the alternate display of wit and wisdom which he was privileged to witness in 1843. Perhaps he would have thought it irreverent, but it would certainly have been appreciated by the undergraduates at Oxford.

The following day my pupils joined me, and we set ourselves to work. Our scheme allowed of a half-holiday every Saturday, with an occasional excursion. It is needless to say that we explored all the mountains in the neighbourhood, reserving the higher elevations for more extensive excursions.

One of these came out of a visit to Fox How, whither my brother and I went by invitation to lunch. We met there Mr. and Mrs. Bonamy Price. He was then a master at Rugby, and had taken lodgings at Ambleside, to be near the Arnolds. He greeted my brother warmly as a pupil, and astonished us both by his powers of talk. I thought I had never seen anyone who ate and talked so fast—good sense, too—at the same time. It was a real privilege to know Mrs. Arnold. Her ready sympathy, interest in all important subjects, gentleness and distinction of manner, made her an admirable hostess, and the centre of a large family and social circle, every member of which regarded her with love and veneration. And it was interesting to see how the memory of Dr. Arnold was cherished by his sons and daughters, all developing talents and energies and tastes different from those of their father, but bearing out the views of those who hold the theory of 'hereditary genius.' After lunch an excursion to High Raise was planned and in due time accomplished. We were a large party, and broke up into twos and threes. We were favoured by the weather. It was a fine but cloudy day, with a clear atmosphere, and a fresh breeze blowing. We could not have seen the mountains of Borrowdale to greater advantage. It was a day when the shadows chased one another up the mountain sides, producing an endless variety of effect. Everything went well, including the lunch, and the conversation, in which Mr. Bonamy Price was the 'protagonistes.' As we returned, an ascent of Helvellyn was planned, and this came to pass a week or two afterwards.

Our party was a numerous one. The Arnolds mustered

strongly. Mr. and Mrs. Price and Mr. Rose, with Matthew Arnold, called for us betimes at Grasmere. We were joined by Plumptre, and met on Helvellyn by Clough and Walrond. We all walked, except Mrs. Price, close to whose horse Mr. Price kept, engaged in a discussion with Plumptre about Ward's 'Ideal of the Christian Church,' then awakening some attention as the work of a prominent member of the Tractarian party at Oxford. Whether Mr. Price demolished its arguments to Plumptre's satisfaction, I cannot say. I have no doubt that he did so to his own; anyhow it was a remarkable performance on his part to carry on an analysis of a book only once read, with a running commentary and controversial arguments, whilst ascending the slopes of Helvellyn. Near Grisedale Tarn something frightened Mrs. Price's horse, which called off her husband to the rescue, after which, however, he resumed his argument with infinite pertinacity.

Near the top Mr. Rose and I had an adventure, which might have proved disastrous to one at least of us, and which I shall relate '*quanquam animus meminisse horret*,' for the sake of warning to younger men, and as a tribute to the memory of a friend. Having heard that he was an experienced cragsman, I challenged Mr. Rose to scale the 'Eagle's Crag,' to which he assented. To do this we had to descend a 'scree,' or 'skillybed,' and then make our way up a steep rock with inconsiderable ledges projecting, and dwarf juniper bushes growing out of the cracks. Out of deference to Mr. Rose's experience and reputation, I asked him to lead, which he did, availing himself of every help which the rocks or juniper bushes afforded. However, I thought it was possible to make the ascent by a more direct way, which accordingly I tried. Before I was two-thirds up, I felt my hold giving way, a juniper bush coming out by the roots. I called out to Rose that I was slipping, and he prepared himself for the worst, expecting to raise me with a sprained ankle or broken leg. However, fortune in this case favoured the rash. As I was slipping down the face of the rock, a sharp projecting corner caught my shooting jacket, which had one button fastened; this checked my descent, and, by dint of holding on by the crevices with one hand, and hooking my walking-stick, a Kendal hazel, over a point of rock above, I managed to retain my position. Fortunately I had been trained at school and college for gymnastics, so that I had no difficulty in drawing myself up by aid of the good hazel till I could get my left hand on to solid rock, after which no difficulty presented itself. But I was in considerable danger, and my brave companion

was much relieved to find that he had not to help a disabled comrade. Bonamy Price made a good story of it, and did full justice to the tenacity of my button. Moral to younger men: Be not in too great a hurry to ascend precipices, but be content to follow the lead of more experienced mountaineers.

We lunched in full view of Striding Edge, Clough and Walrond having come up from Patterdale, and a right merry party we were. Of the conversation I remember little. But my impression is that on this occasion I heard a remark of Wordsworth the poet quoted which agreed very much with what I afterwards heard him say, to the effect that his contemporary poets did not realise the sacredness and importance of their mission. And he quoted Scott and Southey as instances of this, not to mention Byron and Rogers. This gave rise to a discussion on poetry and a poet's aim, in which Clough and Matthew Arnold no doubt took part; but it is better to confess forgetfulness than to lay to their charge things that they said not. After some time spent on the mountain top we raced down to Grasmere, where my brother and I took a second bathe in the lake, and so back to dinner. Whether the excitement of the day or the hard exercise was the cause, I know not, but for the first time in my life I did not sleep a wink, though I felt perfectly well and comfortable, and got up as usual, not unrefreshed. Since that day I have generally avoided bathing when the temperature, after being high, is going down. There is no harm in going in 'hissing hot,' to use a phrase of Arthur Shadwell, that great authority on aquatic sports, including the taking of headers. It helps one to resist the chill of the water, and brings about a speedier reaction, and that glow which is the bather's delight and reward.

Our next expedition was to Keswick. We started on a fine warm day, soon after midday. Robertson took his gun with him, and we all four carried knapsacks. On the road we crossed the Rothay by a bridge, about ten or twelve yards above which, in the middle of the clear stream, we espied a beautiful trout, who of course was lying with his head up stream and could not see us. The temptation was too great for Robertson. He took a shot at the fish, but without any visible effect. Probably the shot glanced harmlessly over his back, while he sought a safer resort higher up the stream. The only effect which we could bear witness to was the displacement of water, which rose in the shape of spray, and reflected the prismatic colours of the sun's rays.

We halted at Thirlmere, and passed, by the banks of a stream

which supplies the water of Lodore, down upon Watendlath. There, from what is called High Lodore, the full view of Skiddaw and Saddleback, and of the Lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, bursts upon the eye. Never shall I forget that first view of a scene which I have often since visited, and sketched more than once. Our wish was to ascend Skiddaw that evening, but the people at the hotel at Keswick told us it would take six hours, so we put it off till next morning. This was unlucky, as we missed a glorious sunset from the top of Skiddaw, and, although Lodore and Derwentwater looked their best, this did not compensate us for the loss of our mountain climb, especially as the next morning was hazy, and when we got near the top of Skiddaw a Scotch mist came on which deterred my pupils, Bere and Robertson, from a further ascent. My brother and I persevered, and found it easier than we expected to ascend the conical peak at the top by a 'screes.' Arrived at the top, the reason was manifest. We had so strong a wind at our backs that we were in danger of being blown over the precipitous rocks on the western side of the mountain, and were glad to shelter ourselves behind the 'man,' or cairn, at the top for a few minutes, till we recovered breath. A short rest sufficed. We were glad to get out of the clouds and rejoin our companions, who were sitting wrapped up in their plaids, looking the reverse of comfortable. Our descent was interrupted by some angry labourers, who taxed my pupils with trespassing on their plot of ground, sown with oats. After some altercation we agreed that they should come down to the hotel and state their case. But no one troubled us. The whole ascent and descent only occupied three and a half hours. On one thing we were all agreed, that the local estimate of time was ill-suited for young and active men in good condition.

Of minor excursions it is needless to write. Grasmere, with its peaceful lake and wooded hills, is lovely in fine summer weather, when the foliage of the trees is reflected in the calm mirror of the lake. On one occasion the stillness was so perfect that it was impossible to say which image was the clearer, that of the hillside, or that which was reflected in the lake. Sometimes a storm arises, and lashes into fury the waters of the Mere; but such occasions are rare. I remember well a moonlight night, when the objects surrounding the lake and its solitary island were seen with wonderful distinctness. I have two sketches made the same evening, after swimming across the lake, representing in grey and white the silvery moonlight, and the hills around the

house. Some of Mr. Green's sons were anglers, and one morning they brought home to breakfast a good basket of trout taken with the 'lath'—a sort of 'otter' familiar to anglers in mountain tarns. We did little in that way, as we had work to do, and preferred taking drastic exercise, which occupied less time than fishing. One of the amusements of the district was wrestling. At that time Jackson was the heavy-weight champion, a tall, well-made, handsome man, living on his own farm. His most dangerous competitors were Longmire, of Troutbeck, a younger man, less in stature, but of uncommon strength, and with a neck like a bull, and one of several brothers, named Atkinson, I believe, of Ambleside, who could compete for either the heavy or medium-weight prizes. No one who is unacquainted with the sport of wrestling should miss an opportunity of seeing how it is practised in Cumberland and Westmoreland. The absolute fairness and good temper with which it is conducted in the Lake District form a favourable contrast to the brutal kicking with hobnailed boots which is allowed in the south-west of England, especially in Devon and Cornwall. Of course a man may get a bad sprain, or a broken collar-bone, if he falls awkwardly, but there is no systematic kicking of shins to bring down a heavy man to the level of a lighter competitor, of which I have seen descriptions.

Occasionally a regatta takes place at Bowness. Windermere is the lake best suited for the purpose; and one day we all went over to see some sailing and rowing matches. The Oxford reading party, if I remember right, entertained us hospitably at Low-wood Inn, where they used to dine. Harris induced two of our party to enter a boat, a two-oar, for the honour of our respective colleges; but we were in no training for boat-races, and Brasenose won easily. Harris was a very active and athletic man. He was a capital swimmer, and was afterwards stroke of the B.N.C. boat.

Ambleside, and indeed all the Lake District, was full of recollections of Professor Wilson—the Professor, as he was called—better known as Christopher North. His literary and poetical powers, his social qualities, his skill as an angler, and, above all, his activity and feats of strength and endurance, were in every one's mouth. We were not privileged to see that lionlike head, or hear the tongue which discussed no less eloquently at a convivial meeting than when it transferred its utterances to the pen which wrote '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.' But we did homage to the genius of the Professor, halting at the door of Elleray, his picturesque house, commanding a fine view of Windermere.

Hartley Coleridge we saw frequently. He lived in a cottage on Rydal Water, below the Mount, and was the object of great care and attention. His neighbours vied with each other in showing their appreciation of his genius and originality. How he came by his outward garments I cannot say. They were certainly not made for him. He usually wore a long-tailed dress coat, made for a man half a head or more taller than he was, and a battered straw hat, better suited for what is called in Northumbria a 'tatie-bogle' than a poet and philosopher. One of the Greens was something of an artist, and made an excellent sketch of 'Hartley Coleridge denouncing the Whig Ministry.' I have my copy of it now. He was little more than five feet in height, with a stoop in his shoulders, long unkempt hair, and bright eyes. When conversing with others he liked to walk up and down the room, suddenly pausing from time to time, and peering into the face of one or other of his listeners. It was a trial for the gravity of anyone, and far too much for that of my young pupils, who were obliged to leave the room to avoid laughing in Hartley's face. Endless stories were told of him, some of them being very humorous. One evening he was expected at tea by the Greens. They waited a long time, but Hartley did not make his appearance. At last, about nine o'clock, he entered the house. 'Why, Mr. Coleridge,' said Mrs. Green, 'where have you been? We have waited for you ever so long, till we could wait no longer; but never mind, you shall have some fresh tea, and then tell us what you have been doing.' 'Have you been all by yourself?' 'No, I have been in very pleasant company.' 'Well, we are glad to hear it; but who was your companion?' 'The *devvill*' (spelt as pronounced). 'Bless me, Mr. Coleridge, where was he, and what was he doing?' 'He was in Grasmere churchyard, sitting on a tombstone, reading a rich man's will. It began with the usual formula, and it went on to say, "Whereas my eldest son John has disobeyed my orders, and entered the army instead of going into business; and whereas my second son Robert has married a penniless girl"—and so through other members of the family—"I bequeath 20,000*l.* in the 3 per cent. consols to the S.P.G., and 25,000*l.* in the 3 per cent. reduced to the C.M.S."—and so on with other sums variously invested. And, when the *devvill* had got so far, he folded up the will, and said to himself, "Ah, ha! that will do. I can have him at any time." A very instructive and amusing companion, Mrs. Green, is the *devvill*, if people only knew it.'

How far Hartley's satire was deserved let others say. For himself great allowance must in all Christian charity be made. He inherited a large portion of the genius of his family, without the power of self-restraint. He had been elected probationer Fellow of Oriel, but with strict warning against intemperance. Hartley avoided censure till the evening before his election as full Fellow, and then, alas! succumbed to temptation, and, it is reported, got hopelessly drunk. No further probation was allowed him, and he lost his Fellowship. No doubt he felt bitterly the severity of the sentence. No doubt he suffered acutely at times from self-reproach. His respect for his brother Derwent, who was certainly not his superior in intellect, but who was thoroughly respectable and well-conducted, and who was also remarkably handsome, was very touching. Hartley looked up to him as a superior being, which no doubt he was morally and socially. But the Lake dwellers loved poor Hartley, and showed their regard for him in many ways.

One day, when Mr. Harrison entertained a large party at Green Bank to 'assist' at a school fête, Mr. Wordsworth was present, and we had the honour of escorting him home. He talked much of the beauty of the site of Mr. Harrison's house, and also of Mr. Dawson's, opposite to Low Wood. The latter, called Dawson Castle by the owner, commands a fine view of the Langdale Pikes. The poet pronounced it to be the finest situation in the Lake District. From talking of houses we talked of men, and among them of Mr. Wordsworth's literary contemporaries. Of Scott and Southey he spoke with kindly feeling. Not so of Lord Byron. 'He was a man,' he said, 'of the most rancorous disposition, who never cared what pain he inflicted on others so long as he gratified his own vanity. Me, too, he attacked; me, who had never written a word in disparagement of him. He was a man of great natural gifts, which he degraded by his misuse of them.' It was curious to see how the barbed shaft, sent out by Byron, rankled in the wounded heart of the amiable bard of Rydal Mount.

Not having the same ground of personal quarrel, I ventured to put in a word for Byron, as having devoted his time and fortune, and—as it turned out—his life, to the restoration of the liberties of Greece. 'Surely,' I said, 'he was disinterested in this.' But the old man would not admit it. 'It was all owing to personal vanity.' So we changed the subject of our conversation, and soon arrived at the turning up to Rydal Mount, where we

parted. The last time that year that I paid a visit to that 'haunt of hallowed memories,' there was a large family party staying in the house. The poet's brother, the Master of Trinity, was there with his second son, Charles Wordsworth, known in earlier life as an accomplished scholar and athlete, and now Bishop of St. Andrews, N.B. The latter, whom I regarded with great reverence as a distinguished Harrovian, and one of my first masters in the art of skating—his brother, Christopher Wordsworth, being the other—had been for a long walk over Fairfield. Mr. and Mrs. Quillinan were both there, and Mrs. Wordsworth, gentle, thoughtful, and attentive to her husband's wishes, made up the party. Various subjects were discussed, including the most noteworthy features of the Lake scenery, and I may say, with Horace,

Prorsus jucunde cœnam produximus illam.

But the tablets of my mind are not sufficiently retentive to reproduce even fragments of the conversation. Looking back to this and other social gatherings and excursions, one is constantly reminded of Hans Breitman's pathetic query, 'Where is that party now?' The Bishop of St. Andrews is still vigorous, and has lately written a capital article on 'Pindar and Athletics.'

When I next visited Rydal Mount, the venerable poet and his wife had departed this life, and an advertisement offered the house for sale. And Grasmere Churchyard contained the mortal remains of William Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge, reposing side by side, with not even the date of their birth or decease in addition to the names so well known, and so affectionately regarded in the neighbourhood.

One word I must say of the little church. In 1844 the morning and afternoon services at Grasmere were conducted in quiet orthodox fashion by the incumbent. In addition to the hymns there was a voluntary anthem, the principal performers in which were three young ladies of the name of King, who had good voices and some knowledge of music. On week days they appeared as nymphs of the Lake, arrayed in flowing garments and wide-brimmed straw hats. Frequently they landed on the little island, from whence their voices sounded over the lake. After listening for a time to the fair sirens we heard 'the measured pulse of beating oars' as two sisters rowed, and the third steered their boat home to the shore.

Before our reading party broke up an event happened in quiet Grasmere. A wrestling match was announced in the vicinity of the famous 'Swan' or the 'Red Lion'—I forget which. And I

was expecting a visit from my dear friend and brother Fellow, J. A. Froude, who was returning from the west of Ireland. The conjuncture of events suggested that we should invite Hartley Coleridge to spend the day with us and see the wrestling. The invitation was accepted, and we awaited the day. During the interval Froude, who had brought with him a large supply of trout, the produce of his own rod, from Newport, co. Mayo, instructed me in the art of trolling for lake trout. We rigged up some trolling tackle, with an artificial minnow, and the first evening after his arrival we got a decent trout from the lake. As the weather favoured excursions rather than fishing, we did not spend much time in the latter employment, but took some walks, and waited for the wrestling and Hartley Coleridge. He arrived in good time for our early dinner, and talked very pleasantly, appearing to find our 'tap' satisfactory. After our meal we sat in the drawing-room—for the Greens' liberality allowed us the use of two good rooms—and the conversation turned upon Charles Lamb. Hartley had known him personally, and, as was natural, spoke of him with great sympathy and affection. There happened to be a volume of his Essays, which I had brought, lying on the table, and Hartley took this up and read some passages very effectively, with an occasional comment. The wrestling was to begin soon after three, so we started for the ground. There we met many of Hartley Coleridge's friends, who of course were delighted to see him, and many were the hospitable offers made to him. 'Well! Mr. Coleridge, what will you take?' was the usual invitation, and many must have been the 'nips' imbibed by him during the afternoon. We witnessed some excellent wrestling, in which there was a long and dubious encounter between Jackson and Longmire, terminating in the victory of the former, though Longmire scored one out of three falls. Some of the light weights acquitted themselves admirably, and drew down rounds of applause. This went on till half-past five, when there was a pause. We took the opportunity of seeking our guest and inviting him to return with us to tea. We found him rather 'bemused,' but able and willing to respond to the invitation. On the way back to the house we talked over some of the local legends; among them, of the devil—'old Saythan'—carrying away the materials for a church at Keswick in his apron, and making his way over Seat Sandal. 'When he was ganging ower Sandal, his apron-strings broke, and all the stones were shed about on the ground.' The story should be told in broad Cumbrian, as we heard it from a native. Hartley laughed over

this, and wondered whether it made much difference to Keswick. I then asked him if he could explain why it was that wherever one went one found legends of the devil, and in most countries a Devil's Bridge. He paused for a moment, saying—as he collected his thoughts—'It's very curious; very curious indeed': then, turning back to me as he entered the door of the house, he said, 'One would think the *devill* had been Pontifex Maximus.'

We sat for some time at tea, talking about English literature—Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' and the Doctor's character. I had previously received a hint that he was great on the subject of Johnson. But I do not remember that he said anything strikingly original about Johnson; only, when I told him that I knew a Northamptonshire baronet who had conversed and dined with Johnson, he said, 'Ah! I should have liked to ask him to dinner—to "a dinner that was worth giving."'

Some of his best things were said as he walked about the room. He would suddenly pause, and look in the face of one of his audience, and pour out his excogitated thoughts—always well worth listening to. I regret, however, to say that, whilst Froude and I, though sensible of the ludicrous aspect of the matter, were careful not to show more than interest and sympathy—laughing not at, but with, Hartley Coleridge—my pupils, being younger, were overpowered with 'unquenchable laughter,' and were fain to retire into the next room. Time went on, and Hartley proposed to go; but I pressed him to stay, and held out as an inducement a glass of whisky-toddy, for which we had prepared the materials. This proved effectual. Froude brewed some excellent toddy, and we kept our guest supplied in moderation, but not overdosed, with that promoter of social conversation till ten o'clock, when we no longer thought it right to detain him. So we parted, after a memorable evening, with warm assurances of regard. I never saw Hartley again; but the remembrance of him is green and fresh in my memory. It is very creditable to the natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland that they should have revered the genius and intellect of a man whose moral weaknesses made his life a failure, and that they should have watched over him with an affectionate regard which was very touching.

The following day my pupils separated, and left Froude and me alone. Our first expedition was to Wastdale Head. Starting from Grasmere about one o'clock, and ascending High Raise, we crossed by the Stake Pass, and made our way over the side of Scawfell—unfortunately, the wrong side, as my remembrance of Flintoft's model made me suspect; and we found ourselves

seated on the ridge of Bowfell, looking upon Esk Hawse, which Mr. Wordsworth described to me as the finest instance of crags in the Lake District. There we took some scanty refreshment, and commenced our descent into Eskdale. The mountain-side was one mass of great boulder stones; like the end of a railway embankment, over which the grandfather of all wagons has shot load after load of big stones. One of these I happened to dislodge, and it came rumbling down after me. Fortunately it did not catch me; otherwise I should have been left on that inhospitable mountain-side with a broken leg, waiting till Froude could bring help. At last we reached the plain. Eskdale is a wild, waste valley, and it was long before we met a native. Then we asked about the distance to Wastdale Head. He was long in comprehending the question. At last he exclaimed, 'Oh! it's Wastdale *Heead* ye want to go to. It's a long way to Wastdale *Heead*.' This he explained as meaning ten or twelve miles. The evening was coming on. We were not sure of our way. So we engaged him to act as our guide. The route lay by Burnmoor Tarn, said to contain pike of antediluvian size. As we were eager to get some supper and quarters for the night, we went ahead of our guide, who paid us the compliment of saying—'Eh! ye be fine travellers. I have never seen such travellers.' We dismissed him when we saw lying before us the head of Wastdale, and our guide pointed out to us the direction of Ritson's house. But then our troubles began again. The road along which we travelled served as a watercourse, and we found ourselves nearly up to our knees in water. So we scrambled up the bank, and made our way across the fields. But it was now dark. The stars came out grandly over our heads, but there was no appearance of a house. We shouted, and our voices came back clear and strong from the hills; but no other human voice replied. It looked as if we were hopelessly benighted. At last Froude saw, or thought he saw, a light glimmering from the window of a house not very distant. And towards this we made our way, and were rewarded by finding a substantial house, and a cordial reception from Mr. Ritson, the owner—a tall man, with good features, and a friendly independent manner. Having heard our story, and having told us where we had gone wrong, he showed us a room, where we changed our wet shoes and stockings and came down to supper. Mrs. Ritson was just then breaking some eggs into a frying-pan, in which some bacon was being prepared for our meal. Had it not been for this, I should have taken them for mushrooms, or pieces of leather. There was some

good brown bread and butter, upon which, and some tea, we made our evening meal, and, after some conversation with our host about the fishing in Wastwater, retired to rest.

On Monday we started on a final excursion. We were to visit Thirlmere, Buttermere, and Crummock, and then, returning by Keswick, to take the coach to Whitehaven in order to see a friend whom Froude knew well, and who had been curate to my father twenty years before in Northamptonshire.

Travelling on foot with a single companion is either very pleasant or much the reverse. Froude was, to me, the most perfect companion imaginable. We had been elected to Fellowships at Exeter two years previously, and our friendship, begun then, had grown with our growth in years. We both admired natural scenery, and were well matched for walking. We were both fond of the water, and never neglected an opportunity of rowing or bathing. Froude and I had one glorious day on Windermere. We took a boat at Ambleside, then made our way to the rocky headland, covered with heather, at the mouth of the Brathay, took our headers, and had a good swim in the lake, after which we rowed some distance past Dawson Castle, making the boat travel at a pace to which, I fancy, it was not used.

But this is a digression. I have set myself to give an account of our last excursion. We walked to Thirlmere and crossed the bridge. Froude had known in former days the inmates of the house which stood just above the junction of the two portions of the mere, and we lingered for a short time about the spot. It was a fine picturesque day, and Raven's Crag was seen in all its gloomy grandeur. We walked on by Watendlath to the Grange, Borrowdale, halting for ten minutes over High Lodore, and taking a header in a remarkably clear pool of the Upper Derwent; prepared by which, we paid a visit to Scott, of Trinity, who entertained us hospitably in those lodgings where many a distinguished university man has stayed for the purposes of quiet study and enjoyment of the scenery. After our repast and conversation we started again for Buttermere, passing under Honister Crag, with its slate quarries, and spending some time in the grounds of a house at the head of the lake, formerly occupied by Mr. Bush, whom we were to visit at Whitehaven.

The weather was perfect, and we did not find the day too long. The Fish Inn at Buttermere received us, and supplied all that we needed for bed and board. The following day we wandered along the banks of Buttermere, taking some headers from an inviting rock covered with heather. I believe we also paid a

morning visit to Crummock for the same purpose. Certainly, when we took a boat and rowed from end to end of Crummock in the evening for a better view of the mountains and the sunset, I at least took a third dip, and had a talk with Froude about taking a header from a point some 25 or 30 feet above the lake. That night a heavy dew came on, and a dense mist coming into our room through the open window gave me a chill, so that in the morning I felt feverish and unable to eat any breakfast. However, as we were due at Whitehaven that day, we started by the Vale of Newlands for Keswick, and—such was the effect of good training—we reached the hotel in the market-place within two hours. Then it became evident that I was unfit to go on, so I went to bed, leaving orders to be called in time for the coach, and Froude went on alone to Whitehaven, where he met Mr. Bush, who not only gave him a hearty greeting, but received another young man, a perfect stranger, with great effusiveness, telling him he should have known him anywhere by his likeness to his father—meaning mine, his old rector. As the good man was very deaf, as well as benevolent, Froude had considerable difficulty in making him understand his mistake, over which, when next we met, we had a good laugh.

Arrived at Grasmere, I put myself under the doctor's care, and soon recovered from my chill and an overdose of bathing. As years advance our memories do not improve. Yet some events of our lives remain fixed in our minds with remarkable clearness. Some of these I have endeavoured to relate among the reminiscences of the English lakes in 1844.

Among them I should have mentioned a walk with my brother to Patterdale, where Clough and Walrond entertained us in the evening, and where we found a lovely bathing pool for the morning dip. We left after breakfast, having had some very pleasant talk with two men, who were then in the full vigour of youthful prime, and who afterwards made their mark in the literary and educational world. I have many a recollection of Walrond, connected with Oxford, Rugby, and other places; but this is not the place to record them. His recent death, and the still more recent departure of Matthew Arnold, would make any personal notices of them acceptable; and I can only express my regret that the limits of a magazine article compel me to do less than justice to the characters of men whose lives have so well illustrated the wise man's precept, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

GEORGE BUTLER.

Orthodox.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD, JOINT AUTHOR OF 'REATA,'
'THE WATERS OF HERCULES,' &c.

CHAPTER VII.

TOWARDS evening Ortenegg, according to his daily habit, rode over to the convent, and I accompanied him at his request. He was bent on showing me Salome in the new setting, in which she shone, as he assured me, with such enhanced brightness. The road we had to follow was a rough country-road, usually deserted, but enlivened to-day by solitary figures and small groups, trudging patiently along through the dust. The odd thing was that they were all Jews, and that their faces were all turned the same way that ours were, that is, towards the convent. From by-paths and side-lanes they came, singly and by twos and threes. They could be seen from afar off wending their way across the stubble-fields, and all falling into the same track. As we distanced them one by one, a humble greeting was murmured and a glance of hound-like submissiveness was cast up towards us, as the dusty wayfarer flattened himself into the hedge in order to leave free our passage.

The nearer we got to our destination the more numerous, as well as the more dusty, did the wayfarers become. As we turned the last corner of the steep road which wound up to the convent-gate, we came upon a whole group of them. In the middle of the group stood a cart full of straw, whose starved-looking horses were browsing on the grass by the wayside. There must have been about twenty or thirty Jews assembled round this cart, and they had evidently come from far, for not only were their kaftans white with dust, but many of them were sitting exhausted on the ground. Others leant on their sticks and fanned themselves with their coloured handkerchiefs. Some stood with lowered heads, their gloomy eyes fixed on the ground before them, while some

again were gently rocking their bodies to and fro and murmuring some prayer in a monotonous undertone. They were all waiting for something. As we emerged round the corner of the road it immediately became obvious that it was for us they had been waiting. The monotonous prayer died away, and the group fell back on both sides to let us pass. Glancing from side to side I seemed to see some familiar faces. Was not that Benjamin Silberstein, the Goratyn grocer? Surely those women were the same two old Jewesses whom I had seen in the Marmorstein lodging—Rebecca Kazles and Esther Enteres? Did that marvellously hooked nose not belong to Moritz Wurzel, likewise of Goratyn? Was it the dust between this and Goratyn that had stained them so white, and were they come on a pilgrimage or as a deputation?

Ortenegg threw a glance of helpless inquiry towards me, but a shrug was all the answer I could give. In the first instant I had thought that the cart which stood there was laden with nothing but straw, but as we got alongside of it the straw rustled and a white head appeared. An old Jew was lying at full length in the cart—it was Berisch Marmorstein. He dragged himself into a sitting posture and looked piteously at Ortenegg. Ortenegg flushed scarlet. There was not a word said while we dismounted. I took charge of the horses, and leading them round to the yard saw them as properly stabled as circumstances would allow. It was fully ten minutes before I could return to the convent-gate. The greater number of the Jews were still assembled here, but Berisch was no longer in the cart. It was to the convent-garden that I was led, which lay in the quadrangle formed by the four wings of the building. An open passage supported by stone columns ran round all four sides of the square. It formed a sort of Way of the Cross, apparently, for representations of Christ's passion were painted on the whitewash of the wall. There were no trees in this enclosed garden, but the building gave as much shade as was required—more in fact than was required, for the hollyhocks and asters and snapdragons that filled the square in choking profusion seemed to want colour a little. A grizzly old watchdog nodded drowsily at me from out of a wooden kennel; some pigeons strutted in the sunshine on the roof.

At one side of the quadrangle there was a group assembled, or rather two groups, which stood a little apart, eyeing each other curiously and mistrustfully—a group of nuns and a group of Jews. Between the two groups stood Ortenegg. A thin elderly nun, with an austere and yet not a disagreeable expression, had come forward

some steps upon the gravel. In the background, under the shadow of the covered passage, stood a knot of younger nuns, huddled together somewhat like a troop of startled birds, casting glances of alarm at the strangers and fingering the rosaries at their belts as though they believed themselves in the presence of the evil one himself. Some wooden benches pushed into a sort of half-circle, and littered with pieces of needlework evidently hastily dropped, stood alongside. An altar-cloth, obviously under repair, had slipped to the ground; a strip of lace hung from a table; beside it a book lay open upon its face.

A little to one side of the garden-path there grew a clump of yellow hollyhocks, and beside it stood Salome, shrinking so close up against it that the flowers almost touched her hair. She was dressed very precisely and carefully in a plain black dress. Her clasped hands hung down before her; the linen cloth she had been hemming was still held between them, and her thimble glittered upon her finger. As far as her lowered head would let me judge, her face was very pale. The Jews who had penetrated in here were about half a dozen in number. Rebecca Kazles and Esther Enteres were among them. Berisch Marmorstein headed the group, though he seemed scarcely able to stand. He was speaking as I approached. In the glimpse I had had of his face as it peered out of the straw I had gathered the vague impression that he was altered, but it was only now that I could judge of this distinctly. In this old Jew, with the halting voice, with the trembling hand and the wild disordered white beard, it was scarcely possible to recognise that majestic sorcerer who had faced us with so stately a presence in his cavern of bones but a few weeks ago. He seemed in this short time to have lost his erectness, and with one hand he steadied himself upon the shoulder of his son David who stood beside him. It was as though the blow had broken him.

‘See, I speak quietly, with slow words, with words well weighed,’ he was saying as I approached. ‘Indeed there was anger at first in my soul, there was great anger. It was because of this anger that I let seven days go past, for I wanted to be measured in my speech, to come before you humbly, quietly, and to speak such words as might find the road to your heart. And in truth it is but a little thing that I ask. Ask? No, it is not even that I ask for it, for do I not know myself in your power? I plead only, I entreat that you may listen to an old man’s prayer—his very humble prayer.’

'I cannot let her leave the convent,' said Ortenegg, sullenly ; 'she is well cared for here.'

'And in her father's house has my daughter ever been otherwise than well cared for?' said Berisch, in that new tone of meekness which was so strange in him. 'Have I not always been more a slave than a master to my children? Say, brethren, is it so?'

'It is so,' murmured the other Jews.

'The best, the most tender of fathers,' cried Esther Enteres, flourishing the handkerchief with which she had been mopping her damp forehead. 'Oh that my eyes should have lived to see him robbed of his child!'

Ortenegg coloured slightly and bit his lip.

'I never would have robbed you of your child,' he said, quickly, 'if you had not refused her to me when first I spoke.'

'Oh, say you so?' said Berisch, eagerly. 'See here,' and leaving go his hold upon his son's shoulder he made a step forward. 'I deny not that you have much reason, much seeming reason, for your doubts. Yes, it is true, I would have kept her from you if I could. It is true that to hear my daughter abjure the faith of her fathers is to me bitterer than death. I deny it not. I would have crossed your plans if I could, it is true, but I could not. It was in vain that I struggled against you, and it is in submission that I bow to your will, for you are the conqueror.' His head sank upon his breast, and he seemed to totter for a moment. David sprang to his side and supported him with his arm, the Jews in the background groaned in chorus. But Berisch recovered himself quickly. 'My prayer is only this,' he said, raising his head again ; 'let me lead back my child with me, and I will hold her for you in trust until she be your wife.'

'You can visit your daughter,' said Ortenegg, who was beginning to look troubled. 'You can assure yourself with your own eyes that she is happy. Mother Lucilla will give permission'—and he looked towards the elderly nun.

'Rather than that you should yield to his request, the permission shall be given,' said Mother Lucilla ; 'but be warned, Count Ortenegg, and do not go further in your concessions. They are a nation of serpents.'

'This is all I can do,' said Ortenegg, turning again to Berisch ; 'are you content?'

'If that be your will, I must content myself. But you, Sir Count?' and for one moment the vivid light came back to his black eyes, the blackness of which grief seemed to have dimmed ;

'how will *you* be content? Will it content you to hear the whispers that will pass? You are a noble gentleman and I the least of the people; but for this—just for this—can you be content when it is said of you, "She was refused him; for all his riches and his high birth this lowborn girl was denied to him; in darkness and in night he was forced to steal her from her home, to carry her off in secrecy, as though it were a deed of shame." Oh, Sir Count, better surely that what has to be done should be done openly and unscreened before the eyes of the world, in the light of day! Better surely that, humble though her father's house be, you should receive your bride freely at its door as a voluntary gift, rather than that you should hold her as you now hold her, by virtue of a successful stratagem.'

I had placed myself so that, unobserved, I could study Ortenegg's face. The great moderation of the old Jew's words was evidently making its impression; but it was the last argument which had touched the most vulnerable point. I could see it in an instant by the twitch of Ortenegg's black brows. I remembered how he had said to me on the evening of Salome's flight from her father's house, 'It is not my way of doing things—it is hateful—but there is no help for it.' I thought of how, but the day before, he had expressed the wish for some sort of understanding being established with her relations; and I began to perceive the possibility of his yielding to Berisch's request. Together with this perception all sorts of strange thoughts came into my head. I glanced at Salome, wondering whether any of these thoughts were shared by her, but she was standing now with her face averted. She had pulled one of the yellow hollyhock flowers from the clump beside her and was slowly tearing it to pieces. She uttered no word during the discussion, and in her attitude I thought I read something of that senseless fear that had numbed her that day that Berisch had questioned her before us and she had denied her wish to become Christian.

'Do you mean,' said Ortenegg, speaking with some excitement, 'do you mean that you withdraw all your former objections—that you freely consent to your daughter's marriage with me?'

'I freely consent,' said Berisch, without hesitation.

'And whence comes this rapid change in your sentiments?' asked Mother Lucilla, suspiciously.

'My sentiments, venerable lady, have remained what they were,' replied Berisch, straightening himself a little. 'It is the circumstances that have changed. When first this gentleman did

me the honour to aspire to my daughter's hand, she was under my roof and my protection. She has since left both, and has thus proclaimed to the world that he is more to her than all family ties. Her name is in all mouths—coupled with his. Bethink yourself: do you not see that I am helpless—that all I can hope to save is my daughter's fair fame? It is for this that I have conquered myself so far as to plead for the permission to conduct her back under my roof, and thus to silence the tongues of the slanderers, who else will ever talk lightly of her flight. Is my prayer granted, noble Count?’

‘I must think over it. I cannot give you any answer to-day,’ said Ortenegg, hastily. ‘Come back again some other day.’

The old man's hands wandered to his temples.

‘Some other day!’ he repeated. ‘I am seventy-two years of age. The road is long and weary. With pain and with groans I have dragged myself from my sick bed to traverse it, only to be told at the end that I may come back another day. Come, my son; come, my brethren. There is no mercy for us here.’

‘Wait a minute,’ said Ortenegg, as Berisch with a tottering movement half turned to go. ‘There is no need for us to part in bitterness. I have something else to say, and it is just as well that I have the opportunity of saying it to-day. Your friends can witness my words;’ and Ortenegg then in plain terms stated his intention of settling a yearly sum on Salome's father, dating from the day of his marriage with her. The sum named was one which to a Hebrew bone-dealer meant a fortune, but Berisch showed no excitement.

‘It is most gracious of the noble gentleman to provide for old Berisch,’ he said, in a meek voice. As he raised his eyes for an instant it struck me as strange that there should not be even a passing gleam of satisfaction in them; they were vacant and haggard.

‘It is no more than my duty, seeing that you will be the father of my wife,’ said Ortenegg.

‘Ay, to be sure—the father of your wife.’

‘And,’ continued Ortenegg, ‘I further wish you to know that I intend to settle all the fortune I can freely dispose of upon your daughter. She will be well provided for. You need not be afraid to trust your child to me. Salome will be well watched over, well cared for,’ he urged, almost deprecatingly.

‘Ay, ay, well taken care of, well provided for,’ agreed Berisch.

‘She will not only command a very handsome fortune,’ put in

Mother Lucilla, 'she will also bear a very high title. You should thank Heaven on your knees for the good fortune that has come to you.'

'A very handsome fortune and a very high title,' agreed Berisch, with his inscrutable face; 'yes, it is so.'

Mother Lucilla seemed inclined to dilate on this side of the question, but Ortenegg stopped her by a gesture.

'I wish you to say whether you consider my proposals fair, Berisch Marmorstein.'

'Very fair, noble Count.'

'That is well, then. We are no longer antagonists, since you have given your consent to my wish. I am glad of this consent. You know that I was not dependent upon it, but I prefer marrying your daughter with your consent rather than without it.'

'Who will believe in this consent?' said Berisch, quickly raising his head. 'Who will believe in it, if you keep her here?' Then, before Ortenegg had time to answer, 'Ah, Sir Count!' he cried, and his former emotion rushed back upon him, 'it would be but for a few days. Are a few days so long that you would grudge them to a father who is to be cut off from his child for the rest of the years he has to live on the earth?'

'A few days are long enough to instil many doubts into a young mind,' said Mother Lucilla, severely.

'May the God above us strike me to dust,' cried Berisch, with sudden passion, 'if any such thought be in my mind! Him I call to witness. To Him do I appeal. Before His face do I swear that the girl, child of my own though she be, shall be held by me as a loan from you only—not to be meddled or tampered with by any word of mine. If I speak not the truth, may I never know rest on my pillow nor peace in my grave; if I deal not honestly by you, may the curse of the Almighty pursue me, may my flesh rot from my bones and my dust be cast to the winds, and may my lot fall upon my sons and their descendants for ever!'

'So be it!' echoed the tailor David.

'So be it!' re-echoed the Jews in one breath, almost in one voice, speaking on one identical impulse. Thus may their forefathers, eighteen centuries ago, have cried, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children!'

Ortenegg was shaken. The sudden fire of Berisch's speech had carried him from off the ground on which he had believed himself firmly entrenched. As he uttered his fearful imprecations, his withered hand striking his breast, his eyes transfixed in the

far-off gaze of one who is looking on visions, the old Jew's words did indeed carry an irresistible conviction with them. Even Mother Lucilla stood silent. The nuns under the shadow of the cloistered passage had stopped fingering their rosaries by this time, and in the interest of the moment had instinctively drawn a little nearer. The sound of a dismal wail coming from the spot where we had left the waiting Jews outside floated towards us over the convent-walls. With my eyes fixed upon a withered aster at my feet I listened intently for Ortenegg's next words. I knew instinctively that he was looking towards me, that in the emotion and uncertainty of this crisis he was seeking to consult me by a glance. It was not so much a question that that glance would contain—for he was convinced, or all but convinced, by the Jew—rather it was a confirmation that he was asking for, the final seal to put upon his resolve. But not to save my life would I have relinquished my study of the withered aster. Consequences of an immeasurable height and depth might be hanging upon the mere question of whether our eyes did or did not meet at this moment, and I was determined to be no adviser.

And the next thing that happened was that, before anyone could foresee the movement, the old Jew sank down upon his knees and clutched piteously at Ortenegg's cloak.

'Do not deny me,' he moaned. 'Let me lead back my child to my house. Do not bring this shame upon my white hairs; do not bring this grief upon my people. Hark! Do you not hear the voices of the brethren that have toiled out with me, joining their lamentations with mine? Even now they are beseeching the Most High to soften your heart. Let me lead back my child. See! I raise towards you those hands which have reared and fed her and worked for her, that fondled her when she was a babe and blessed her as a woman. See! my son, her brother, kneels beside me,' for David by this time was likewise on his knees, though he had gone down far more circumspectly and with a much greater regard for his trousers than the old man had displayed.

At her father's movement Salome had started, clasping her hands for an instant over her face. She made a step forward, and her lips moved, but before she had spoken a word Berisch's voice was heard again.

'See!' he cried; 'my daughter herself would implore you. I read it in her eyes. Say, my child, will you return to your father's arms?'

Salome looked wildly at her kneeling father, then at Ortenegg,

then back again at her father, as though her eyes were moving against her will. She was struggling to speak, and yet could not. She made another effort, and then her lips trembled into an uncertain smile.

As Berisch fell on his knees Ortenegg had stepped back with a gesture of mingled consternation and distaste. A man on his knees is always more or less of a distressing spectacle; when the man is white-haired, and when it is before you that he kneels, no doubt the sight becomes little short of unbearable. His resistance had been at its last gasp already, and now as he saw the two old Jewesses getting out their handkerchiefs, and became aware that the groaning chorus were throwing critical glances at their knees and at the gravel path, his courage gave way. Taking Salome by the hand, he led, almost pushed her forward.

'Take her with you,' he said, hoarsely, 'and remember what you have sworn.'

'Would it not be wiser, Count Ortenegg,' suggested Mother Lucilla, 'if we had some piece of writing to take our stand upon in case of accidents? An agreement might be drawn up and signed——'

'I never do things by halves,' interrupted Ortenegg, impatiently. 'If I did not believe that her father was speaking the truth, I should not let her go with him. That is enough; no paper is necessary.'

A shriek of joy had broken from the Jews, and Esther Enteres and Rebecca Kazles fell into each other's arms. So great was the reaction from depression to exhilaration that I thought it safer to withdraw a little behind the nearest clump of hollyhocks, for fear of coming in for some stray embrace. A messenger had already darted off to carry the news to the waiting assemblage outside, and in the next instant the joyful howl of many voices rose up and rent the air. Berisch had staggered to his feet and stood now with his hands stretched towards his daughter, while his fingers were closing and unclosing nervously, as though he could not await the moment when he should lay his arms around her.

'Go with him, Salome,' said Ortenegg, gently. 'In a very few days we shall meet again. In the meantime, farewell!' And then, in the face of us all, and somewhat to the confusion of the fluttering young nuns, he took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

'Farewell!' said Salome, almost inaudibly.

In her great brown eyes, as she raised them to his, there shone

something that Ortenegg could not read aright, for want of the clue, but which to me looked like despair.

He turned once more to Berisch.

'Take her now, and remember that you hold her for me—in trust. You all are witnesses,' and he looked towards the other Jews.

'We are witnesses!' came back the shrill reply.

'For you—in trust,' repeated the old Jew, and stooping he raised the hem of Ortenegg's cloak and pressed his lips upon it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE last act of this short drama need not be long in the telling. Ortenegg, delighted to be rid of his rôle of oppressor, returned home in an almost triumphant mood.

'Confess that you have been mistaken,' he said to me several times that evening; 'confess that your opinion of the Jews has hitherto been a false and an unjust one. Could anything have been more moderate, more sensible, more conciliating than old Berisch's words? Where is this deadly hatred, this unforgiving fanaticism of which you have told me so much?'

But I held my tongue and neither confessed nor denied.

Thursday had been the day on which Salome left the convent. It had been settled that Berisch was to keep Ortenegg daily informed of her well-being. The desired message came on Friday, and it was all that a message should be. Ortenegg's mood remained triumphant. On Saturday he was a shade less triumphant. The appointed message did not come from Goratyn, but he attributed this to the *Schabes* and was scarcely uneasy. Besides, he was going to ride over himself next day, and would be able to convince himself that Salome was feeling happy and being kindly treated. The thought that her impending baptism might make her the subject of taunts and harsh speeches, not from her tender old father, of course, but from neighbours and acquaintances, disturbed him occasionally.

Sunday came, but with it came also the discovery that Ortenegg had been given the inspection for the day. This meant that he could not leave the precincts of the military station. Neither did any message come. There was no *Schabes* to explain this second silence, and though Ortenegg still kept up a show of great confidence, yet a certain restlessness was observable about him.

'She must be ill,' he said to me. 'Did it not strike you that she looked very pale on Thursday?'

'Yes,' I agreed, 'she looked very pale.'

On Monday the same silence; on Tuesday the same. On both these days we were in the saddle from morning till night, so an expedition to Goratyn was not to be dreamt of. Ortenegg's anxiety—an anxiety which had no precise form and to which he could give no name—began to grow acute. It was a lucky thing, certainly, that his prospects in life were not limited to the success of his career, for during these two days of sham battles and strategical manœuvrings he committed blunders enough to undermine his military reputation for ever. Lost in day-dreams, even the trumpet-signal would fail to rouse him, and in the preoccupation of his thoughts he would lead his soldiers headlong into the very jaws of a fortunately unbloody death. On Tuesday afternoon he gave five florins to a Jewish factor, and promised him five more if he would go direct to Goratyn and bring him news of Salome. The factor took the five florins and went, but he did not come back, though Ortenegg sat up till midnight awaiting him, and the second five florins remained unclaimed.

'I shall ride over to-morrow, whatever happens,' said Ortenegg. 'If it cannot be managed in the day, I shall go in the night.'

It was not quite so bad as that, however. A friendly shower of rain which shortened our manœuvring, and a little hurrying over the rest of our business, enabled us to start about the middle of the afternoon; for I accompanied Ortenegg as a matter of course. To reach Goratyn would take us four hours' hard riding, and in order to show a little mercy to our horses, who had been considerably overworked of late, we had decided to make a short halt on the way. Accordingly we drew rein in the village of Klotow. There was a shabby little inn here, kept by the unavoidable Jew. As we rode up to the door the landlord was standing on the step talking to another Jew. They both turned their heads at our approach, and it may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that they both slightly started. The landlord advanced to take our horses.

'Feed them well,' said Ortenegg; 'they have a long road before them.'

'The gentlemen are on their road to Goratyn?' asked the Jew.

'Yes.'

Here I looked up just in time to see that the two Jews exchanged a lightning-like glance, but not a word was said. Ortenegg

and I entered the inn, and while the horses were being baited we tried to blunt the keenest edge of our hunger with hard-boiled eggs and stale bread, for neither of us had had time for such a secondary matter as dinner. The eggs took a long time to boil; at any rate they were a long time in appearing. While we were disposing of them as expeditiously as was reasonably possible, the landlord stood a little distance off and watched us.

'The gentlemen are in a great hurry to get to Goratyn?' he began presently, with an insinuating point of interrogation in his voice.

'Yes,' said Ortenegg, shortly. 'Will you see that the horses are led round? It is time for us to be off again.'

'Will the gentlemen not first partake of another plate of eggs?' asked the landlord, without moving.

'Certainly not. You have just heard that we are in a hurry. There is no time to spare. We have to be back in Marnopol to-night, or at any rate before daybreak.'

'Five o'clock is the hour at which the regiment leaves its quarters, is it not?' asked the landlord, gently, still without moving.

'Yes,' said Ortenegg, somewhat surprised. 'Will you fetch the horses, please?'

'Immediately, Count Ortenegg, immediately,' and he left the room.

Ortenegg stared at me. 'How does he know my name? I never set eyes on the man before. And what odds is it to him at what hour we leave the camp?'

'Every Jew always knows everything that he wants to know,' was my reply.

We were still sitting at the dirty wooden table, contemplating the empty egg-shells on our plates, when the sound of galloping hoofs was heard, and a riderless horse passed the window. In the same instant the landlord returned. He was wringing his hands.

'Oh, gentlemen!' he whimpered; 'oh, noble and gracious gentlemen! However am I to tell you what has happened?'

'You needn't tell us,' said Ortenegg, starting up. 'One of the horses has run away.'

It was Ortenegg's horse that had got loose, it appeared, and was now cheerfully galloping back towards Marnopol.

'He won't stop till he is at his stable-door,' said Ortenegg, grimly. 'I am sorry for you, Zultowski, but you will just have to lend me To Ona to ride to Goratyn on, and as to how you are to get back to Marnopol you will have to shift for yourself.'

We had followed the landlord out into the yard where two or three Jews were standing about. An inquiry had been made as to how the horse had broken loose, and a stable-lad, suspected of negligence, had had his ears boxed by the indignant landlord; but the fact remained that Ortenegg and I were a dozen miles from either Marnopol or Goratyn, and that we had one horse between us. Naturally I put To Ona at Ortenegg's disposal. That was plainly my duty, though the rest of my fate might remain somewhat vague. Orders were given for the mare to be brought out. There was a delay of several minutes, and then, as To Ona was led out of the stables, Ortenegg and I simultaneously uttered an exclamation—the beast was dead-lame.

At this point Ortenegg lost his temper. What he said to the landlord and the stable-boy may have been a satisfaction to his irritated nerves, but the satisfaction was a barren one at best, for the stable-boy simply opened his mouth and looked impenetrably stupid, while the landlord cringed like a dog and wriggled like a worm and gabbled forth a torrent of self-defence which was deafening but not at all to the point. How could he know how the horse had got lamed? He had not seen the horse from the moment the noble gentlemen had dismounted till this minute. How did it come that the horse had been quite sound half an hour ago and that now it hobbled like a sick sheep? He didn't know. He couldn't possibly know. Perhaps it had trodden on some sharp stone or on some nail—such things often happened. At any rate he could give no explanation. He was as confounded as could be the noble gentlemen themselves, and so were the bystanding Jews. He was quite innocent—everybody was quite innocent—but the horse was lame.

While he was gabbling on in this strain, and while Ortenegg was raging at everybody in turn, I was doing the only practical thing under the circumstances—examining To Ona's injured foot. There was not a trace of an injury to be seen. The sole of the hoof was perfectly intact, *ergo* she could not have trodden on any sharp point. There was no bruise, no wound; the foot was to all appearances perfectly sound, and yet she seemed unable even to put it to the ground. The fact was a riddle, but all the same it was a fact, as a few experiments convinced me.

'Is there anything in the shape of a carriage in the place?' asked Ortenegg, when his first anger had spent itself and he had recognised the futility of any further investigation. 'If I cannot get to Goratyn on horseback to-day, I must get there some other way.'

'We have no carriage at all here,' said the landlord, despondently.

'Absalom Nelken!' exclaimed Ortenegg at that moment, and he stepped up to a Jew who was standing a little apart tying knots in the lash of a long whip. 'If you are here there must be a carriage.'

Absalom Nelken was the Jew who hired out carriages at Goratyn. Both Ortenegg and I knew him well by sight.

'I should be most happy to serve you, Herr Lieutenant,' answered Absalom, 'but my carriage is engaged.'

'But my business is urgent. If you can take me only as far as Goratyn, I shall find other means of getting back.'

'I am sorry, but I cannot take you, Herr Lieutenant; my engagement is strict.'

'I will give you twice the usual fare if you take me.'

'It is no use.'

'I will give you three times the usual fare.'

'It is no use, Herr Lieutenant.'

'Is there anyone else here who possesses anything that goes upon wheels?' asked Ortenegg, turning to the other Jews; but they silently shook their heads.

'I will pay him anything he asks for it,' urged Ortenegg, 'for I must absolutely reach Goratyn to-night.'

But I looked round at the unmoved yet watchful faces around us, and the conviction came over me that Ortenegg would absolutely not reach Goratyn that night—that he was not *meant* to reach it.

It was long before he confessed himself beaten. He spent an hour in tramping round the place in search of a conveyance, but all the conveyances were in the hands of Jews, and, by some curious coincidence, all the Jews had such urgent business on hand that, despite their voluble regrets at not being able to serve the Herr Lieutenant, they positively could not spare their carts. Absalom Nelken alone, being repeatedly pressed, held out what was the nearest approach to a hope. He hurried off to fulfil his former engagement, promising to return for us with fresh horses the moment that he was at liberty. I felt certain that he would not return, but he did. He came back to fetch us at three in the morning, exactly in time to take us straight ~~to~~ to Marnopol.

Ortenegg and I—who, meanwhile, had tried to kill time by eating two more meals of hard-boiled eggs and stale bread, and had vainly endeavoured to get a little sleep upon the wooden

benches of the eating-room—just saved our distance, for the men were mounting as we reached our quarters.

Strictly speaking, there was no time on this day either for the ride to Goratyn, but Ortenegg was not to be stopped any longer by any obstacle short of an impossibility. At the conclusion of the manœuvres he did not dismount, but merely stopped at his quarters to change his *tatarika* for his cap.

‘Are you coming with me?’ he asked, somewhat ungraciously, and I said ‘Yes,’ though I had the impression that this time he would almost have preferred being by himself. I don’t exactly know what I expected. I only know that, though I had not washed my hands for twenty-four hours, and had not been out of my clothes for thirty-six, though I was hoarse with dust and shouting and had a secret hankering after a clean collar, yet I could not have taken it on my conscience to let him go alone. Ortenegg was quite as dusty as I was and considerably hoarser, but he did not seem to be aware that he had not slept.

There was no question to-day of a halt. As we rode through Klotow our landlord of yesterday stood at the door of the inn. This time he did not start at the sight of us, but bowed very respectfully and smiled very suavely as we trotted past. I was riding another horse to-day; To Ona, who had been fetched home in the meantime, was still as completely and as mysteriously lame as yesterday.

During the first half of the ride I struggled valiantly to keep the conversation afloat, but the nearer we got to Goratyn the more pointless did my remarks become and the flatter did they fall. The ride ended in dead silence. We were still in August, and yet it was an autumn day, for autumn comes early in Poland. Not that it was either dull or cold. On the contrary, the sun was shining brightly and the sky was cloudless, but it was no longer a summer sun, and the blue overhead was no longer the blue of a summer sky. There was a certain crispness in the air and a certain keen clearness about the distant view which were distinctly autumnal. The road by which we approached Goratyn was the same that we had followed coming from Goratyn on the afternoon of that carnival-day when we had met Surchen with her cowhide in the snow—the same day that Ortenegg had first seen Salome. The beechwoods were still in full leaf, but patches of red and yellow had broken out here and there. The wild cherry-trees that grew between the stones in the ‘house of the living’—as the Jews have a curious fancy for calling their burying-grounds—were

beginning to strew their leaves upon the graves, and round the stone cross which stood at the head of the hill the swallows were wheeling and twittering, busy with travelling plans, no doubt.

We descended the steep hill into the town. As we crossed the market-place I could not help being aware that we were being a good deal observed, perhaps because the regiment was known to be at Marnopol, or perhaps only because we were so marvellously unwashed. It was by the Jews exclusively that we were observed. Scarcely had we emerged upon the *Platz* when every shopdoor appeared to become filled by the figure of its proprietor. We were looked at curiously, furtively, inquiringly, and almost a little fearfully. Ortenegg seemed aware of it. During the whole of the ride he had been silent with the gloomy silence of a man who is weighed down by some presentiment of evil. The tobacconist, Moritz Wurzel, was standing on his doorstep. Ortenegg bought all his cigars from him and had never passed the door before without being obsequiously grinned at, but to-day Moritz Wurzel, on discovering that Ortenegg was glancing in his direction, seemed to be overcome by some unaccountable embarrassment. Instead of grinning he coughed, and then became deeply interested in something upon the sleeve of his kaftan. A few steps further on the ample form of Rebecca Kazles bulged out of the shadow of the hotel gateway. She was watching us round the angle of the wall, but as we approached she drew back and bustled away into the yard behind.

Ortenegg looked at me.

‘Zultowski,’ he said, in a whisper, ‘something has happened.’

It was the first confession of his secret fears, and he seemed to have spoken almost against his will.

Yes, something had happened. There was no tangible proof of it, only a floating suggestion, too subtle to be defined. Wild ideas of mysterious disappearances, of deep dungeons, of poison, of strangulation, arose in my mind. An uncomfortable sensation took possession of me. Was it remorse? Had I committed a murder in that moment when I avoided meeting Ortenegg’s eyes this day last week in the convent-garden? Poison? Ah, no! they had not been merciful enough for that, as the history of that afternoon will soon prove.

At the door of that beehive building which I had entered twice before, we dismounted. There was no one in the outer storehouse. It seemed to me, in the first instant, that there was no one in the inner one either. A slight movement of one of the

hides on the wall I took to be caused by the draught, but Ortenegg's senses were more on the alert than mine. Just as I was going to pass on, he made two rapid steps forward, and, from out of a dark corner, dragged David Marmorstein, by the collar of his kaftan, into the light of day. His suspense had taken refuge in passion.

'What are you hiding for?' he burst out. 'What are you all hiding for? What is the matter? What have you done? Where is Salome?'

'Not here,' gasped David Marmorstein, shaking in Ortenegg's grasp.

'Where is she, then?'

'I—I don't know. She is not here.'

Ortenegg, with his bloodshot eyes, his eyelids reddened by the glare of the sun and the want of sleep, his dust-choked voice and shaggy moustache, was certainly a somewhat startling apparition. The sight seemed to have robbed David of all moral as well as physical courage.

'Wretch!' said Ortenegg, 'you *do* know. Speak the truth. Is she ill?'

'No, she is not ill.'

'Is she—dead?'

'No.'

'Where is she, then?'

'Not here,' whimpered David, wriggling to free himself. 'The noble gentleman had better go upstairs; Surchen is there—Surchen will tell him.'

Ortenegg stared for a minute longer at the terrified David; then, with a gesture of infinite contempt, released the kaftan collar and turned upon his heel.

He mounted the first few steps of the staircase very quickly; then his pace relaxed. The nearer we got to the attic door the more did his steps drag. A sort of heavy reluctance had taken the place of his passion of a minute ago.

'*Herein!*' said a shrill voice as he knocked at the door. Opening it we found ourselves face to face with Surchen, the only occupant of the room. Surchen did not shrink at sight of us as David had shrunk; she stared at us steadily across the square wooden table at which she was sitting.

The tailor's bobbins and pincushions had been pushed to one side, and before Surchen there lay upon the boards of the table a luminous heap of something that shone like gold, only that there

was a touch of red in the yellow. What could it be? Some new sort of silken thread, perhaps, that was to be wound upon the bobbins. It was as soft and as bright as silk, and it flowed over the edge of the table and waved gently in the current of air which the opening of the door had brought with it. When we got close to the table I saw what it was. It was neither gold nor silk, but it was human hair—a woman's red-gold hair—fallen very lately beneath the scissors, for it still had upon it all the gloss of life. Half of it lay in a tangled mass; the other half had been put in order, and was now being plaited up by Surchen's nimble fingers.

'Where is Salome?' I asked, as Ortenegg did not speak. He seemed unable to do so. With wide-open eyes he stood staring at that coil of hair on the table, as though it had been some glittering golden snake that was about to rise and strike him.

'You have come too late,' said Surchen, sullenly, and she looked towards Ortenegg. 'Just twenty-four hours too late. It serves you right. Did I not send word to you that you should not let her go? *Gott und die Welt!* And two *Sechssers* to pay for the messenger! And how *Väterle* found out that I had sent the note I do not know. And if it were not that they had kept me locked up so tight all these days——'

'Whose hair is that?' asked Ortenegg, abruptly pointing to the heap upon the table. There was a look of panic upon his face.

'That is——,' began Surchen, and then she stopped and glanced up at Ortenegg with a wicked glance in her eyes.

'That,' she said, very deliberately, 'is Frau Blauweiss's hair.'

'Who is Frau Blauweiss?'

'The wife of Lämmle Blauweiss.'

'You are not speaking the truth,' said Ortenegg. 'I know that hair. It is Salome's.'

Surchen, who had resumed the plaiting of the hair, merely gave an impudent shrug of her shoulders.

'Can you deny it?' asked Ortenegg.

'Deny what?'

'That that hair you are plaiting up is the hair of your sister, Salome Marmorstein?'

'You are quite mistaken,' said Surchen, with her nose in the air. 'This is not Salome Marmorstein's hair.'

The scared look on Ortenegg's face turned to bewilderment. He walked a little nearer to the table.

'I am not mistaken,' he said; 'that is your sister's hair.'

'Did I ever say it was not my sister's hair?'

'Yes, you did; you declared that it was Frau Blauweiss's hair.'

'And so it is the hair of Frau Blauweiss.'

Surchen tittered with enjoyment. To torture Ortenegg seemed to afford her a kittenish satisfaction.

'Will you explain, please, what this means?' he said, and though his voice was not loud, Surchen looked into his face and evidently came to the conclusion that it would not be safe to carry the torture further.

'It means,' she said, returning to her sulks, 'that there is no more Salome Marmorstein, only a Salome Blauweiss. They are the same person.'

'The same person?' repeated Ortenegg, stupidly.

'Yes, Frau Blauweiss is Salome. She was married yesterday to Lämmle Blauweiss.'

I looked at my comrade apprehensively. There was still that same stupid wonder upon his face—no keen surprise—no start of astonishment. Did he not understand, or did he not believe?'

'Did you say—*married*? ' he asked at last, slowly.

'Married yesterday in the Synagogue before the Rabbi.'

'I don't believe you,' said Ortenegg, very quietly. 'It is a trick. You are trying to hide her from me. Perhaps she is even in the next room. Salome!' he called out, raising his voice and then holding his breath to listen. But there was no movement and no reply. He strode past the table and opened the two other doors of the room. One of them opened into a smaller attic-room, the other into a store-closet, littered with miscellaneous articles. Surchen made no attempt to prevent him.

'You will find a great many broken chairs in there,' she remarked, 'and a few chipped teacups, but you won't find Salome.'

Ortenegg shut the doors again and returned to the table.

'What made you say that about Lämmle Blauweiss?' he began. 'You must have had some reason. Was it to frighten me?'

'To frighten you?' repeated Surchen, scornfully. 'And what profit would your fright be to me, pray? I don't see what *Geschäft* I should make in frightening you. You asked a question and I answered it; that is all.'

'But that cannot be all. What you tell me is not possible.'

Instead of answering at once Surchen laid down the plait of

hair, and, turning up the edge of her jacket-bodice, unfastened a slip of paper which was pinned on to the hem.

'You have seen Salome's writing before, have you not?'

'Yes.'

'Is this paper written by her?'

Ortenegg took the paper in his hand and looked at it.

'Yes,' he said again.

'Read it. It is for you. I was to give it to you. Perhaps that will make you believe.'

There was a silence of several minutes. Ortenegg stood so still that the paper did not even rustle in his hand. There were only three lines to read, but it took him a long time. When he had finished, his expression was quite changed. He looked up with dazed eyes.

'Where is your father?' he asked. 'I should like to speak to him.'

'Väterle has gone to Romozany to buy skins. He will not be home till to-morrow.'

'But he was at home yesterday, and he allowed this thing to happen?'

'He didn't *allow* it to happen, he *made* it happen. Salome knelt down before him and asked him to kill her rather than give her to Lämmle Blauweiss, but Väterle only shook his kaftan in order to shake off her hands, and when he walked to the door she was dragged after him because she would not let go, and she fell over on her face and made her forehead bleed.'

'Then your father doesn't believe in God?' said Ortenegg, still looking down at the paper in his hand.

'Oh, yes, he believes in God—a great deal,' answered Surchen, with a pretty shrug. 'Why did you think he didn't?'

'Because if he believed in God he must know that he has called Him falsely to witness. How can he ever pray to Him again?'

Surchen burst out laughing.

'Never pray to Him again! Why, I never heard Väterle pray more devoutly than yesterday. He spoke such a beautiful blessing over Salome before she went to the Synagogue that I was the only person in the room who hadn't tears in my eyes.'

'But he swore to me by his soul's salvation that he would hold her for me in trust.'

'And you believed him?' was Surchen's curt commentary.

'But his tears, his oaths, his prayers?'

Surchen looked at him with an air of pitying superiority.

'It is no wonder that we make such *Geschäfte* among the Christians,' she observed at last, 'when it needs but such a thinly-limed twig to make a bird sit fast.'

'Then do you mean that it was all a comedy?'

'It doesn't matter what you call it now.'

'And you say his name is Lämmle Blauweiss?' asked Ortenegg in the same mechanical tone, while his eyes followed the movement of Surchen's fingers among the hair with a sort of dreamy fascination.

'Yes.'

'Who is Lämmle Blauweiss?'

'One of our neighbours in this house,' Surchen explained, 'He deals in old clothes chiefly, but he does not mind if other old things come in his way, such as furniture or books or old ironwork, or in fact anything. Väterle says that he has a great talent for business, and he never loses a minute of time.'

'Yes, I remember now,' said Ortenegg. 'I saw him once—in this room.' He looked slowly round the room, then returned to watching Surchen's fingers.

He spoke so quietly that I felt frightened out of my wits. It would have been infinitely more reassuring to see him break down outright. There was that in his eyes and in the set of his features which made me almost fear for his reason.

'And this morning,' chattered on Surchen, 'they went off to his people for a fortnight, to be out of the way, as Väterle said—Lämmle Blauweiss and Salome.'

'Lämmle Blauweiss and Salome!' Ortenegg broke into a helpless laugh, as though the juxtaposition of the two names struck him only in the light of a ghastly joke. 'And this man, this Lämmle Blauweiss, is as strict a Jew as your father?'

'*Gott und die Welt!* That he is! Quite one of the Orthodox, or Väterle would never have chosen him for Salome; though, to be sure, when a husband has to be chosen in such a hurry, one has to take what there is, and Lämmle Blauweiss was the nearest at hand.'

Ortenegg did not seem to be listening any longer. He had taken up some of the hair upon the table and was looking at it narrowly, feeling it critically between his fingers, as though to make sure of what it was. He shuddered, and for an instant shut his eyes, then laid it slowly down again and turned to me.

'Had we not better be going back now, Zultowski? I think there is nothing more to be done here.'

But Surchen had caught the glimmer of an opportunity that was not to be lost. Bowed though she was for the moment by the one great failure, her spirit was much too elastic to be broken. At this moment, when she saw the man on whom such hopes had been built about to pass out of the room and at the same time out of her circle of vision for ever, Surchen's business instincts rose triumphantly to the surface. It was not in her nature to cry permanently over spilt milk, however rich in quality it might be or spilt out of however large a jug. Because one big *Geschäft* had failed, that was no reason for neglecting more modest opportunities. Her glance had followed Ortenegg's movement as he laid down the strand of hair. As he lifted the latch of the door there was a hand upon his arm.

'Take it with you, Herr Lieutenant,' she said. 'You would like to take it with you, would you not? Väterle need not know. How much will you give me for it?' and, her face all alight with this inspiration, an eager sparkle in her brilliant brown eyes, an insinuating smile upon her soft, red lips, Surchen held towards him the tress of Salome's hair, not forgetting either to hold it so that the light should play most becomingly along its golden threads.

Ortenegg looked at her vacantly and passed out.

'Herr Lieutenant, name your own price, Herr Lieutenant!' was called after us in accents of heartrending entreaty.

I kept close to Ortenegg all the way down the staircase. He did not speak until we were crossing the yard.

'So that is over,' he said at last. His voice was still quite calm, but he seemed to pronounce the words with difficulty.

'Perhaps it is not true,' I feebly suggested, quite against my own conviction.

Ortenegg was still holding the piece of paper which Surchen had given him crumpled up in his hand. He held it out towards me.

'It is true,' he said. 'I feel that it is true. Read that.'

There was no beginning to the scrawled note, and there was no signature beyond 'S.' It ran as follows:—

'Surchen will tell you that I could not help myself. I am not worthy of you. I am a coward. Forgive me if I have spoilt your life. I hope I shall not live very long.'

'I saw the man once,' Ortenegg mused aloud. 'He had an old

skirt in one hand and a birdcage in the other, and when they asked him to hold a candle he said "*Keine Zeit*," and hurried out. They said that he never had any time. Why, and he almost managed to smile, 'he will never have time even to look at her, Zultowski.'

I could not answer. I was praying inwardly that his self-control might give way, for I knew that the later the breakdown came the worse it would be.

'But it was good acting,' said Ortenegg, standing still in the middle of the street, his bloodshot eyes fixed in a wide-open stare on the paving-stones at his feet. 'It was very good acting. What a fool I have been! "In trust" he said, and I believed him. I believed him, when I should have believed my dream. She has gone back into the dark, Zultowski. She has gone back into the dark—for ever.'

He broke off suddenly and staggered against my arm. Before I could support him he was lying insensible upon the pavement.

Three weeks later Ortenegg was convalescent. He had gone through an acute nervous fever. The inquiries I had made in the meantime resulted, as I never doubted they would, in a complete confirmation of Surchen's statement. Lämmle Blauweiss and Salome Marmorstein were legally married. Whether Berisch Marmorstein had in any way brought himself within reach of the law by his broken promise I do not know. Possibly Ortenegg might have had grounds for a legal complaint. Of course none was made. What would have been the good? Salome Blauweiss could never again become Salome Marmorstein. Berisch knew very well what he was doing. I had not seen Salome again, and I have not come across her since; but, occasionally, during sleepless nights when my fancy is unpleasantly active, I am tormented by the question as to whether Frau Blauweiss wears a thread or a satin wig in place of her auburn hair. As to Herr Blauweiss I have never, to my knowledge, set eyes upon him. I know him only as the invisible and hurried individual whom Berisch Marmorstein apostrophised from out of the storehouse door on the day of his refusal of Ortenegg's suit. I think of him exclusively as the incarnation of the only two words which I ever heard from his unseen lips, '*Keine Zeit!*'

I must not forget to mention that one day during the first week of Ortenegg's illness one of my stable-men, while rubbing down To Ona, discovered the cause of her lameness. A horsehair

had been tied tightly round her leg, just above the fetlock, and the hair carefully combed over it. The strain had been sufficient to paralyse the muscles. The discovery was a mere matter of chance.

After he had regained his senses Ortenegg never pronounced Salome's name. Once only he touched upon what had passed.

'Zultowski,' he said to me, one evening, as he sat in the arm-chair beside the stove, for the evenings were cool already, 'I have been puzzling my head, and I cannot come to any conclusion. Is it that Berisch Marmorstein is a very bad man, or is it only that he is a very good Jew?'

'He is Orthodox,' I answered. 'That is the only key I can give you to the puzzle. Do you remember our talk last winter and what I told you?'

'About the weapons they use? The poisoned arrows? Yes, I remember.' He was silent for a little. Presently he said, 'I have been struck by one of these arrows. I wonder,' he added, dreamily, 'I wonder, Zultowski, whether the wound will ever heal.'

If ever it did heal, it was in the shadow of the monastery that healing came, for that wounded heart is now covered by a monk's habit. As soon as his strength was sufficiently restored, Ortenegg went home on leave. I never saw him again. Three months later he resigned his commission, and before a year had passed I got the news that Rudolph von Ortenegg, the last of his name, had entered upon his noviciate in the Dominican monastery which stands in the shades of that same vast pine-forest where stands the castle of his forefathers.

THE END.

At the Sign of the Ship.

NOT to read more of the newspapers than one can avoid is the chief relaxation of the holidays. But dimly one hears that the wiseacres of this world have been discussing two questions: whether (a) wedlock, and (b) the weed are failures. If they are *both* failures it is very hard on Man. As every Maori knows, Man was originally alone in the world, without Woman. Not seeing when he was well off (as my Maori author has it), he prayed to the Gods for a helpmate. The Gods bade the Sun marry the Echo, 'and Woman, their beautiful daughter, was born.'

The daughter of Sunshine and Echo she came,
With a voice like a song, with a face like a flame,
With a face like a flame and a voice like a song,
And happy was man, but it was not for long.

The questions of dress, of population, of precedence, of showing a proper spirit, of not seeing what there was to admire in other ladies—all these and other things he had never thought of before were now added to the 'sad pageant of man's miseries.' So he went to the Gods again, and they sent him

A maiden so gentle, so kind, and so fair,
With a flower like a star in the night of her hair,
With her eyes like the smoke, that were misty and blue,
With a heart that was dreamy and tender and true.

This was the Tobacco Maiden. She died; Man burned her fair body solemnly on the funeral pyre; the smoke seemed peculiarly fragrant, and has ever since comforted him greatly when Woman is a little annoying. Says my Maori poet,

When tempests are over, and ended the rain,
And the child of the Sunshine is sunny again,
He comes back from his pipe, and once more is at one
With the changeable child of the Echo and Sun.

* * *

Such is the New Zealand legend, which makes it difficult to believe that *both* Tobacco and Marriage are failures. Heaven meant one to be the complement of the other. As to Marriage being a failure, La Rochefoucauld settled the matter: 'There are good, but there are no delightful marriages,' a sentiment otherwise expressed by St. Paul. This world is not perfect, but everything which is not perfect is not a failure. Man has tried it all ways: Monogamy, Polygamy, Polyandry, Divorce made Easy (in Rome and Indiana), the Thibetan, British, Nair, and Spartan expedients, and on the whole civilised man has found the present Institution work best. Advanced persons wish to try new plans. They have all been tried before, and out of all of them the race worked on towards monogamy and the modern family. Try again, Messieurs et Mesdames, and your great-grandchildren, sick of the savagery *you* pine for, will slink back to the Holy Estate of Matrimony. But this is taking these people too seriously.

* * *

Talking of the Maoris, one is reminded of a curious circumstance in the manners of this chivalrous people. Everyone remembers that the Paladins and Knights of yore gave names to their weapons, the Durendal of Roland, the Hauteclaire of Oliver, the Excalibur of Arthur, and so forth. Now a settler in New Zealand was lately in lack of a stone to throw at a dog. The region in which this need occurred was peculiarly stoneless, but he groped mechanically in the grass, and picked up a beautifully polished and wrought axe-head of jade. These weapons were always much valued by the natives, and are now very rare. The squatter naturally did not throw this stone at the dog; he carried it home, and showed it to a very old native woman. She was much excited, and, at once recognising the weapon, mentioned its original native name, and the heroes who had wielded it of yore. The finder then learned that all the better and rarer weapons of the New-Zealanders had possessed proper names of their own, like the swords of the Paladins.

* * *

The following sonnet is sent to me with a rather lengthy title, which appears to suggest that the author is a follower and admirer of William Wordsworth.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A WINDOW OF THE DINING ROOM AT THE LOWOOD HOTEL, WINDERMERE, WHILE WAITING FOR TEA, AFTER BEING PRESENT AT THE GRASMERE SPORTS ON A VERY WET DAY, AND IN CONSEQUENCE OF A RECENT PERUSAL OF 'BELINDA,' A NOVEL BY MISS BROUGHTON.

How solemn is the front of this Hotel,
 When now the hills are swathed in modest mist,
 And none can speak of scenery, nor tell
 Of 'tints of amber,' or of 'amethyst.'
 Here once thy daughters, young Romance, did dwell,
 Here *Sara* flirted with whoever list,
Be'inda loved not wisely but too well,
 And *Mr. Ford* played the Philologist!

Haunted the house is, and the balcony
 Where that fond Matron knew her Lover near,
 And here we sit, and wait for tea, and sigh,
 While the sad rain sobs in the sullen mere,
 And all our hearts go forth into the cry,
 Would that the teller of the tale were here!

* * *

Talking of the Grasmere Sports, I regret that LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE is not illustrated. The inexperienced hand which pens these lines would otherwise have presented a sketch of the light-weight wrestlers, drawn from the quick. But as that is impossible, it may be remarked that to see several couples of strong men waltzing, in red and blue *ceintures*, while others are doing the high jump, and a band plays mournful tunes to the accompaniment of the rain, is a solemn and elevating thing, never to be forgotten, nor unkindly remembered by persons of sensibility.

* * *

Various correspondents kindly point out slight but brilliant inaccuracies in the notes which have recently appeared in the *Ship*. A Prelate writes on St. Augustine's day (I did not know

that it was usual to have 'a day' so long ago) to say that St. Augustine was *not* the author of the maxim *pecca fortiter*. It was Luther who said it, not the amiable Bishop of Hippo. 'God hateth a gingerly sinner,' said he who loved women, wine, and song; 'Deus non facit salvos fiete peccatores; esto peccator, et pecca fortiter, sed fortius fide et gaude in Christo.' The Bishop (not he of Hippo) adds that there is a mistake in the lines

Cette noble passion
Se nourrit d'illusions.

But I am not responsible for the Parisian printer who 'set up' the lines as I quoted them. As to a *bâillement* in the French *ballade* in the April number (penultimate line of first stanza), I have it not by me: the author, W. E. H., may defend it. And, as the Prelate remarks, has not an emancipated poet and painter sung, à propos of French prosody—

*Dans la libre et blanche Albion, point de nos entraves,
L'on n'y connaît aucune loi que l'instinct du son;
'Les Britons jamais jamais ne seront esclaves,'
Ce sont eux qui chantent ça, comme ils ont raison!*

The author of the paper on 'Literary Sweating' discussed last month also corrects an error. He did not make 200*l.*, but 200*l.* a year, by his too energetic and unremunerative industry. May he drive his *cochons d'or* to a better market!

* *

All persons who have played at Intellectual Games, with a pencil and a bit of paper, will wither at the announcement of a new Intellectual Game. It is 'my own invention:' alone I did it, and can recommend it as more than common tedious and destructive of the happiness of nations. By this game alone a company may be driven to bed an hour earlier than usual, and the comfort of families may be wrecked at the lowest possible figure.

* *

DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING THE NEW INTELLECTUAL GAME OF POETS AND PAINTERS.

Each person being provided with a sheet of paper and a pencil, which the owner will never see again, the dealer makes a nonsense rhyme. An example is here given, for the instruction of country gentlemen.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

EXAMPLE.

There was an old man of Toronto,
 And people cried 'Where has he gone to?
 Here's his table and chair,
 But *where* is he, *where*,
 This invisible man of Toronto?'

When the dealer has composed a gem of this kind, he does not show it, but illustrates it by a drawing. This he circulates among the company, and each of them has to make a nonsense verse on the incident illustrated by the sketch. The worse you draw, the better. The dealer then repeats the true original rhyme, and the others are read aloud by the person in the company least skilled in deciphering handwriting. A box containing the game, and rules for playing it, with pencils or crayons (lead pencils two shillings, coloured five shillings) may be obtained at the office of the Society for Propagating Intellectual Games.

* * *

Perhaps the following poem was suggested by Miss Greenaway's pretty picture of a little girl standing under two tall flowering lilies. In any case it illustrates the picture very well.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

By the path, on either hand,
 Rising from the garden-bed,
 Stately lilies once would stand,
 Once would tower above my head;
 Hardly reached 'twixt joy and dread,
 Held by straining finger-tips,
 These their shower of gold would shed
 (Fairy gold!) upon my lips.

Gay is yet the garden-plot,
 Rich in gold and ivory,
 Lilies fresh and fine, but not—
 Not the buds that used to be;
 These are white and fair to see,
 These, to-day, I bend above,—
Those were Queens that stooped to me
 In their languor and their love.

G. R. T.

* * *

People who have passed their holidays in Scotland have probably heard a good many Scotch stories. One very good example I have heard, but the Editor declining either to give the whole number up to it, or to publish it as a serial in six numbers, I can only offer the finish or *dénouement* :

‘Name the Child.’

‘Mary Anne!’

Three others may be stated in the manner of Hierocles.

(I.)

A certain Scotch millionaire, seeing the Pyramids, cried, ‘What na fule sank his money in *yon*?’ *Yon* is charming.

(II.)

A sexton at Kirkintilloch, being intoxicated, fell asleep in a grave. When wakened by the bugle of a passing coach, he took it for the Last Trump, arose, and looking around said, ‘Ech, a puir show for Kirkintilloch!’ His local patriotism had expected a more populous assembly on this occasion.

(III.)

A Scot, being shown Niagara, was asked if he had ever seen aught so beautiful and strange. He replied, ‘Weel, for bonny, I’ll no say, but, eh mon, for *queer*, I ance saw a peacock wi’ a wooden leg at Peebles.’

* * *

A Correspondent who has read ‘Maiwa’s Revenge’ justifies Mr. Quatermain’s account of the two elephants who assisted a wounded comrade. Mr. Quatermain’s veracity has been impugned by thoughtless critics, strange to the manners of wild beasts. But my Correspondent quotes from ‘Sport in Many Lands’ (vol. ii. p. 248) a case of a buffalo who interfered between a wounded friend and the hunter. Both buffaloes were bagged.

My Correspondent adds a curious contradictory instance in which animals behaved ‘more like Christians’ as Bill Sikes would have said :—

‘At the same time it is an interesting fact that occasionally the very opposite treatment is accorded by animals to their wounded, as the following will show. In a field close by the writer’s house were grazing recently a dairy of about fifty cows of the well-known “Ayrshire” breed. These cows are, as a rule, per-

fectly quiet and gentle. One day, however, not long ago, as the cows were entering the field, after the morning milking, in pushing through the rather narrow gate, one of them accidentally struck the cow in front of her a very severe blow on the flank, and from the wound made by the horn the blood literally poured. The poor injured animal bellowed loudly with pain, and, all at once, the whole of the unwounded animals seemed to go perfectly mad. They rushed upon the wounded cow and in a very few minutes literally gored her to death. When the writer saw the carcass of the unfortunate beast, there was hardly an inch of the hide that was not perforated by the horns of the assailants. When the deed was accomplished, the cows subsided into their usual gentle and quiet condition, and have never shown the smallest sign of ferocity since. The writer cannot pretend to account for this incident; he merely states the *fact*, which is known to many witnesses, and which is surely rather an uncommon occurrence.'

ANDREW LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the following contributions. Subscriptions received after September 9 will be entered in the November number.

E. C. M. 3s. D. Greenway 10s. O. K. 5s. J. F. L. T. 6s.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

*The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

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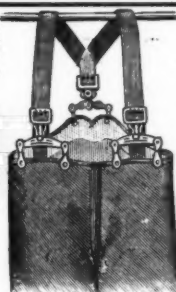
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